



R. BROBINSON



THE HOUPPT

A New Standard in Motor Cars

IN our factory at Bristol, Connecticut, we have built a new high power motor car which we believe to be the best car manufactured in America to-day. It has been built with that end in view alone—the production of the highest type of automobile. It is the result of more than five years' persistent experimentation, and combines the experience of two decades in the development of motor cars.

There are to-day in the American market five makes of automobiles, which, because of their excellence, have been accepted as standards by the motoring public. All these cars have been evolved as the motor car industry has developed from its formative period to the present day. In the past each change has meant the abandonment of machinery, and the present day product is carry-

ing the burden of this gradual evolution. Each still retains some features that are relics of this early development, that have not been abandoned either because of the loss that would be entailed or because of prejudice.

Each of these cars could be improved were these features eliminated; each would be improved, no doubt, if they were newly introduced to-day—in other words, all of these five factories could produce better cars in the light of present day knowledge were they unhampered by large investments of capital incident to experiments of the past.

In this new Houpt Car, built with the full knowledge of the experience of the past, these abnormalities in design have been avoided. It represents the best thought in motor car construction to-day.

The Houpt Car

THE making of the Houpt Car was undertaken only after an extended experience among motor cars. For the past five years, while engaged in selling automobiles, we have been conducting investigations with this end in view. In our repair shop we have taken down various makes of cars in order to study their weaknesses in actual road use. The data thus secured has been of inestimable value in the making of this new car.

In addition, the Houpt Company has expended large sums for experimental purposes in racing, believing that stresses and strains are thus developed which disclose weaknesses to be found in no other way. It sent representatives abroad to study foreign methods and foreign practice before attempting to make use of the data it collected.

SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE—4 and 6 cylinder, 4 cycle motor. Bore 5½ inches; stroke, 6 inches. Cylinders cast in pairs. Valves on opposite sides. Water cooled by means of centrifugal pump, fan in front and in fly-wheel.
CARBURETER—Float feed type, fed by pressure.
IGNITION—Bosch double system with single set of spark plugs.
CLUTCH—Multiple disc, steel and steel.
LUBRICATION—Individual pumps to each oiling place.
TRANSMISSION—Sliding gear, selective, 4 speeds and reverse.
DRIVE—Nickel steel carbon shaft enclosed in torque tube.
REAR AXLE—Full floating type.
STEERING GEAR—worm and nut.
FRONT AXLE—One piece drop forged I-beam type.
FRAME—Drop nickel steel, channel section, heat treated.
SUSPENSION—4-point suspension of motor, 3-point suspension of gear box. Springs, semi-elliptic, flat.
TIRES—36 x 4 front, 36 x 5 rear.
BRAKES—Internal expanding emergency brake operates on drums bolted on rear wheels; external contracting service brake back of transmission.
BEARINGS—White bronze on crankshaft. Die cast double ball bearings elsewhere throughout.
WEIGHT—4 cylinder type 3200 pounds, 6 cylinder type 3900 pounds.

WHEN the Houpt Company adopted the design of this new product it did not accept the idea of any one man; it employed a corps of engineers, who, acting jointly, evolved their plans only after extended discussion and investigation. It utilizes an established and proven effective organization to build its product. It offers the result to the motoring public with absolute confidence.

The car combines the best features of foreign and American practice adapted to harmonize so that each individual part suits every other part and forms an effective and congruous whole. We believe it will set a new standard in motor car construction.

It is made in two models—4-cyl., 60 h.p., \$5000, and 6-cyl., 90 h.p., \$6000—equipped with seven different styles of bodies, offering the widest selection of types.

Manufactured
Exclusively by

Harry S. Houpt Co.

B'way & 68th St.
NEW YORK

Now prepared to assign territorial rights throughout the United States.

Address Agency Department L for particulars.

Deliveries of the four cylinder car can be made this month.

Perrier

Bottled at its spring in France, PERRIER is famous in every country in the world. It contains only *natural* gas. The most healthful and pleasant of all table waters.

*The Right
Hot Weather Drink*



French
Natural
Sparkling
Table
Water

Went to Smash

"Yest'day was de fo'tieth anniversary ub our weddin'," imparted the white-haired negro, "an' aftah plannin' a great celebration de whole t'ing went to smash!"

"What kind of a celebration?"

"A re-weddin'. Yo' see, me an' Chloe had it all fixed to invite all our friends to de chu'ch, an' den accompanied by de same bridesmaid, bes' man and ushers, ma'ch up de aisle an' be re-wedded befo' de same pahson as fo'ty years ago."

"What prevented the celebration?"

"De pahson. Yo' see, we wanted everyt'ing de same as befo', but de pahson he refused to gib back de five dollars so's Ah could pay him de same money!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

Little Willie Knew

Little Wille, the son of a Germantown woman, was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie imperturbably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie, in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So, when I go in, she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"—*Edwin Tarrisse, in Lippincott's*.

The INNER SHRINE

Fourth Month of Increasing Triumph

And now, for the second time, the official reports throughout the country declare THE INNER SHRINE to be the best selling novel. There could be but one reason for this country-wide praise, the reason that is summed up in a praise—"the assurance in the book itself that it is a star of the first magnitude, the most surprising novel of the year."

THE INNER SHRINE has been acclaimed thus from every part of the country.



Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers

Splendidly Illustrated by Frank Craig. Cloth, \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, NEW YORK

On merit alone has its sensational triumph been achieved. The public received THE INNER SHRINE anonymously—the book had no great name to push it into prominence—and the public immediately recognized the book's superlative quality—interestingness.

The beginning of the fourth month since publication finds THE INNER SHRINE more read and more talked about than ever—and for two months the best selling novel *everywhere*.

The Higher Criticism

There is a bit of biblical humor that I fear would hardly do for "Life"—Elisha went off to the desert with his master and returned without said master, but with all his valuables, viz., one cloak and use of office.

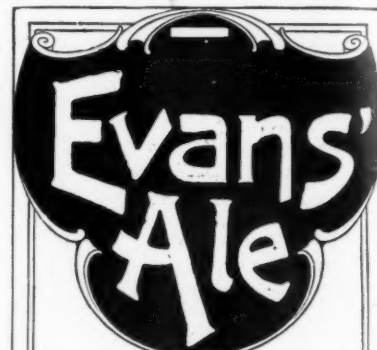
He knew his audience, so he told them that the Prophet had gone up in a flaming, fiery chariot, bestowing the valuables on him.

And they never even looked for the body in the sand.—*Bolton Hall in The Fra.*

THE story is told of an English Army examiner who once had before him a stupid candidate. The candidate being apparently unable to answer the simplest questions, the examiner finally grew most impatient, and in a burst of sarcasm demanded:

"Let it be supposed, sir, that you were a captain in command of infantry; that in your rear was an impassable abyss; that on both sides of you there rose perpendicular rocks of tremendous height; that in front of you lay the enemy outnumbering you ten to one. What, sir, in such an emergency would you do?"

"Sir," responded the applicant for military distinction, "I should resign."—*Tit-Bits*.



The maintained leadership of EVANS' ALE is due to a combination of causes, any one of which would give it distinction. Constantly striving to make it better has made it THE BEST.

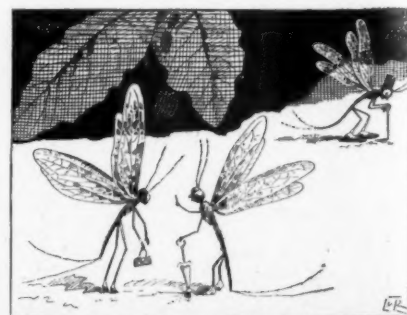
C. H. EVANS & SONS, . . . HUDSON, N. Y.

So Much Easier

A tourist while traveling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives, "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor."

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've jist to dee a naitural death."—*London Opinion*.

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER, we are told in an authorized interview, guards his domestic privacy with the most jealous care. Wonder he doesn't give the rest of the population a chance!—*Papyrus*.



"BUT, MY DEAR, IT ISN'T FIT AND PROPER THAT YOU SHOULD MARRY AN OLD DAY-FLY LIKE HIM. WHY, HE'S AT LEAST 120 MINUTES OLD, AND YOU'RE ONLY 19."



SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Off Guard

"Those who have been fortunate in their parents and in their education, who have acquired good habits, and are not greatly disturbed by the affects and the passions, may pass this life calmly and with little danger even when the powers of the will are very weak and hardly ever exercised. Life with them is fortunately a series of habits, generally good, or at least not bad. This is the condition of many men and women. They are good, or seem to be good, because they are not tried above their power, but if a temptation should suddenly surprise them when they are not prepared for it they are conquered and they fall. Even a man who has trained himself to the exercise of his rational faculties and has for a long time passed a blameless life may in a moment when his vigilance is relaxed, when he is off his guard, be defeated by the enemy whom he has always about with him."

—*"Philosophy of Epictetus."*

Wolfe at Quebec

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.—*Francis Parkman, "Montcalm and Wolfe."*

Axiomatic

The attitude of many toward the suffragists appears to be the old axiom of our school days. "Them as asks sha'n't have; them as don't ask don't want."—*Zangwill.*

The Riddle of Life

Well! Life is a quaint puzzle. Bits, the most incongruous, join in each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear; when lo! as the infant claps his hands and cries "See! see! the puzzle is made out!" all the pieces are swept back into the box—the black box with the gilded nails.—*Lord Lytton.*

Speech

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect
or not, your teeth require
daily care, and will well repay
the regular use of

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15c. Sample and Booklet from Park & Tilford, 907 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 240 Dorchester Street West Montreal.



6 SHOTS BY THE PRESSURE OF YOUR FINGER!

WINCHESTER

HIGH-POWER SELF-LOADING RIFLE

.351 Caliber

THE TRIGGER-CONTROLLED REPEATER

THERE is nothing to take your mind off the game if you shoot a Winchester Self-Loading Rifle. The recoil does the reloading for you, which places the complete control of the gun under the trigger finger. You can shoot six shots as fast as you can pull the trigger and without taking your eye off the sights. As this rifle is made with a detachable magazine, you can replace an exhausted one with a loaded one in a jiffy and continue shooting. No recoil-operated rifle but the Winchester offers this advantage. Other desirable and distinctive features of this rifle are — a stationary barrel with sights attached, and all moving parts enclosed. The .351 Caliber, High-Power Cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

Catalogue fully describing this rifle—"The Gun That Shoots Through Steel"—sent upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a threadball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.—*Emerson, "Compensation."*

ESMERALDA: How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes?

GWENDOLEN: If you have to make him propose you'd better say yes the first time.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Remington's Verdict

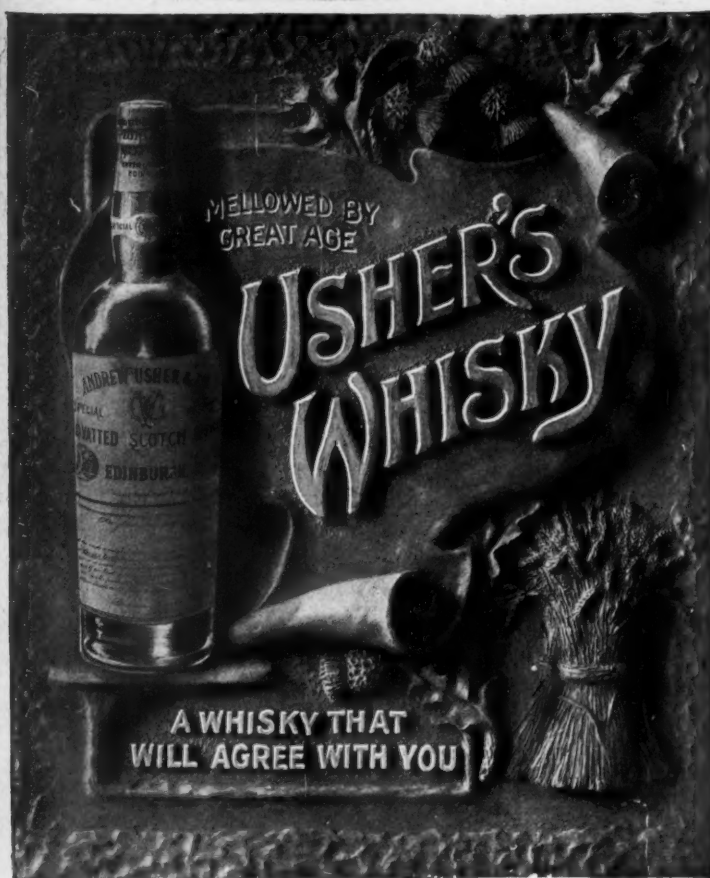
Frederick Remington, the illustrator, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then:

"Like 'em? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can knit better pictures than those!"—*Everybody's.*

· LIFE ·



Philip Morris

ORIGINAL LONDON

Cigarettes



"A bully good smoke," is the verdict of even the hardest-to-please

CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c

AMBASSADOR after-dinner size 35c



"The Little Brown Box"

"VIYELLA"

REG'D

FLANNEL

Fall Designs
for 1909

FOR

Golf, Tennis, Automobiling

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading
Retail and Men's Furnishing Stores.

DOES NOT SHRINK



"SHAY: I DON'T NEED ANY ASSHISSTANCE (HIC) YOU FOLKS GO BACK TO BED!"

FIRST GRAND CRUISE TO SOUTH AMERICA

Through the Fjords of
STRAITS of MAGELLAN

Optional Side Trips to
all Points of Interest

Leaving New York, January 22, 1910.
80 days duration.

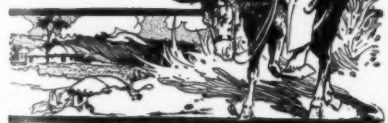
COST, \$350 UPWARDS

Also Cruises
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80 Days, \$325 Upwards Jan. 29, 1910.

To the WEST INDIES 3 Cruises
16-31 Days-S. S. OCEANA
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HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
45 Broadway, New York



Communicating with Mars

A NEW SYSTEM PROPOSED WITH DAZZLING CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS.

(A Letter to Science.)

To the Editor of Science: In view of the recent proposals for opening communication with the planet Mars, as reproduced by the European press from American newspapers (with accompanying portraits), no truly patriotic American can fail to feel a thrill of pride and exultation at the thought that it is his country that is solving this great cosmic problem. It is time to sound the alarm, however, for there are indications that an attempt will be made to rob us of the honor after all. A distinguished French astronomer has recently published a letter on the subject, in which, while giving a small measure of approval to the American projects, he broadly intimates that the last word has not been said. The Germans are keeping very quiet, but it is rumored that Count Zeppelin is thinking, and in commercial and manufacturing circles there is great though silent activity in the direction of trying to ascertain in advance just what articles now "made in Germany" are likely to be most in demand among the inhabitants of Mars when once communication is opened. Assuming that the planet is correctly named (and it has borne the name for hundreds of years without protest), the great Krupp establishment is looking for a practical monopoly of trade, and to meet the expected emergency it has taken options on all the land adjacent to the present planet. Their engineers are known to entertain the opinion that it will be a comparatively simple matter to send to Mars a 14-inch 70 foot gun, first, of course, hermetically sealing it in the aluminum cylinder. If it should not reach the exact spot where it is wanted it can readily be transported anywhere by canal boat.

Having all this information, which has only recently come to me, I have decided to protect American interests by making premature publication of my own scheme for signaling to our celestial neighbor, which, for efficiency, simplicity of arrangement and ease of operation altogether surpasses, I think all will admit, anything hitherto before the public. It is well known, even among astronomers, that as the orbit of the earth lies between the sun and that of the planet Mars the dark side of the earth must, at regular intervals and for considerable periods of time, be turned toward Mars.

A hole through the earth would, at this time, allow the passage of a beam of sunlight, the intelligent interruption of which could be made to

appear as a series of signals, using the Morse (E. S.) code or any other that might be chosen.

That is all; the problem is solved in this simple way:

One can readily understand how the system might be also put in operation on the moon, if the lunatics would only bore a hole through which the sun might shine when the dark side of the moon was toward us and then arrange a device for cutting off this beam of light at will. For our immediate purpose of wigwagging to Mars, such a hole must necessarily be several miles in diameter. Although some minor difficulties in the way of the execution of this plan remain to be overcome, many of the details are already settled, including the selection of the spot where such an opening might best be made in the interests of mankind generally.

Dresden, Germany.

T. C. M.

P. S. I regret that I have no portraits to send with this.

Bachelors' Excuses

At a wedding breakfast the bachelors were called upon to give their reasons for remaining so.

The following were among them:

"I am like the frog in the fable, who, though he loved the water, would not jump into the well because he could not jump out again."

"I am too selfish, and honest enough to admit it."

"I prefer, on the one hand, liberty, refreshing sleep, the opera, midnight suppers, quiet seclusion, dreams, cigars, a bank account, and club to—on the other hand—disturbed rest, cold meat, baby linen, soothing syrup, rocking horses, bread pudding and empty pockets."

"I have a twin brother, and we have never had a secret from one another. He is married."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Clean Sweep



HOWER TROPHY



GLIDDEN TROPHY



DETROIT TROPHY

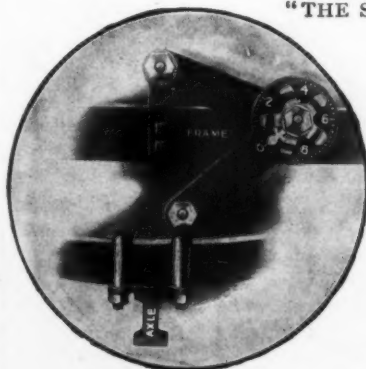
The Three Trophies of the Glidden Tour

WERE WON BY CARS EQUIPPED WITH THE CELEBRATED

TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD

SHOCK ABSORBER

"THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD"



1. The Pierce Arrow Wins the Glidden Trophy
2. The Pierce Arrow Wins the Hower Trophy
3. The Chalmers-Detroit Wins the Detroit Trophy

All were equipped with the Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorber. History repeats itself, for this year's "Clean Sweep" is only a repetition of former triumphs.

**NO CAR HAS EVER WON THE
GLIDDEN TOUR THAT WAS NOT
TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD EQUIPPED**

When automobile manufacturers enter their cars in contests where their reputation as builders rests upon the performance of their machines, there you will find the Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorber as part of the equipment.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

EDW. V. HARTFORD, President

165 BAY STREET, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Branches in { NEW YORK, 212-214 West 88th Street
BOSTON, 319 Columbus Avenue

We want to send you our little magazine called "Auto Comfort." It's of interest to every motorist. Cut out this coupon and mail to us to-day.

Mail "Auto Comfort" and other literature to

Name

Address



Supreme in style; perfect in quality.

Knox Hats

Worn by leaders of fashion for 70 years.

Are Women Human?

"Thank God, my mother wasn't a Woman!" fervently exclaimed the Paradoxical Person.

"Well, of all things, what was she?" queried the Old-Fashioned Person.

"She was just a human being, of course," paradoxically replied the Paradoxical Person. "A Woman is something which cannot forget that she is a Woman, and which, therefore, is somehow the irreconcilable enemy of something else, called a Man. A Woman is a super-cooled super-human, constituting a separate class to be legislated for in a particular way, and with a strong sense of superiority arising from the mere fact that she is a Woman. Women were never heard of in history until the latter part of the nineteenth century."

"Your viewpoint is at least startling," remarked the Old-Fashioned Person. "To what do you attribute the rise of this phenomenon?"

"To Man, of course. If Man had not set her in a different class by denying her the vote there would be no need for the modern Woman at all."

"Then I take it you are opposed to Woman-suffrage."

"Not at all," said the Paradoxical Person. "That is the only way to get rid of Women."

"Then why do you offer such fervent thanks that your mother was not a Woman?"

"Because she was happy without the vote."

"Why was that?"


"Because she had other things to think about, such as children and pies," explained the Paradoxical Person.

"Oh!" said the Old-Fashioned Person, as if the matter were perfectly clear.—*Ellis O. Jones, in Lippincott's.*



BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOLE SO DEAD?

Good health means a clear eye, good judgment, more endurance. The morning bath does it.

The Speakman Portable Shower Bath
(See the Clip) 

TURN A DUTY INTO PLEASURE

A full size, durable fixture, one which is always working. Note the *Clip* attachment, which will fit any double bath faucet, can be attached and detached instantly.

Do not be misled by cheap showers offered, with inferior connections for the faucet.

The shower can be returned if you are not pleased when you receive it. Sold by the plumbing trade in all cities.

21" curtain ring; white duck curtain with hold-back hook; 6 1/4" needle head; non-bursting rubber tubing and Clip Attachment. All metal parts made of brass heavily nickel plated. Complete **\$12.50**

SPEAKMAN SUPPLY & PIPE CO.

RIVERVIEW WORKS,

Wilmington, Delaware.

Manufacturers of the Largest Line of Showers Made.

New York Office, 156 Fifth Ave.



Quite Enough Room

"I fancy you've asked too many people. The table won't hold them."

"Oh, no! More people can be placed at a table now than formerly. Why, a fashionable woman in evening dress takes up about as much room as a rolled-up umbrella."—*Lippincott's.*

Not to Be Trapped

"Concede nothing," was the advice of a well-known politician concerning a certain famous disputed election. His policy was followed to the letter by the man of whom the *Chicago Tribune* tells. On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter.

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were blackened and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."—*Youth's Companion.*

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

NEW YORK

Bank and Trust Co. Stocks

Complete facilities for purchase and sale of Stocks in Banks and Trust Companies located anywhere in United States. Our current Lists present unusual opportunities for investment in new banks in growing towns as well as in established dividend-paying banks. We quote lowest prices.

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Write for our free pamphlet "No. 110" setting forth the facts regarding Bank Stocks as an investment. We will also mail you our current list.

STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION
BRUNSWICK BUILDING
MADISON SQUARE N. Y.

As Roebottom Worked

N. W. Ayer, the advertising agent, at the dinner in Philadelphia, in honor of his firm's fortieth anniversary, said that to succeed in advertising required hard work.

"The successes in this business are stupendous," he said, "but some folks think that working as Roebottom of Camden worked a man can build up a great advertising fortune."

"Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Mickle street house. One day, as he was lurching, he was heard to give a yell of pain."

"What's the matter, Roebottom?" a carpenter asked.

"I got a nail in my foot," the roofer answered.

"Well, why don't you pull it out?" said the carpenter.

"What! In my dinner hour?" yelled Roebottom, reproachfully.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Saving of the State.

It was the homely Codfish Ball that in the balance hung,

And scoundrelly low tariffites assailed with traitor tongue

This helpless Infant Industry, and sought to lay it low

By cutting down the tariff tax some ten per cent. or so,

Till Amos Begg of Amoskeag arose with streaming eyes

And made a plea so eloquent it reached the farthest skies.

And when his speech was done at last, the tears of men like rain

Fell all about and Codfish Balls were put back up again.

And then some dastard inland wretch, whose name I cannot tell,

Moved heaven and earth to cut the tax upon salt mackerel,

Defiant both of Plymouth Rock and Charter Oak, and lo!

The foreign fish dashed at the gates for half an hour or so,

Till Peleg Potts of Gloucester rose and with a thunder tone

Dashed back the flood of mackerel and saved us all alone

From low-bred, under-paid salt fish, and under his attack

The Congress rose with one accord and put the duty back.

But still the danger was not o'er, for by some traitor means

The tariff walls were riven apart to let in French sardines,

And schools of them surged up and beat with frenzy at our gates

Till with majestic mien and grand rose Ebenezer Bates

And pleaded long and earnestly for fish of patriot sorts

Born underneath the Stars and Stripes and not from foreign ports,

Until the galleries went wild and hats and flags were waved

And Ebenezer Bates sat down—home-grown sardines were saved!

And German wienerwursts were massed in solid front and charged

Upon the linked, home-grown sort, till Bunk O. Booth enlarged

Upon the homes made green and fair by sausage mills and how

Foul treason was afoot to cut the sausage tariff now!

And patriot blood was stirred to boil that never boiled before

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

How We Safe-Guard the Motorist Against Tire Blisters

THE reason blisters occur so rarely on Morgan & Wright tires is that they are made with a cushion of pure up-river Para gum between the carcass and tread. Tires may all be considered as consisting of two parts—the carcass or inner fabric framework and the tread or outer rubber cover.

Blisters always start at the juncture of these two parts. A small, sometimes invisible cut appears in the tread. This admits a few particles of sand, which worm their way in between the tough leathery tread and the canvas, causing them to separate slightly. The car going around a curve or over a bump gives the tread a sharp jerk, resulting in more separation. More sand is admitted, and soon you have a big blister, and your tire is due for the repair shop or scrap heap.

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES

are made by a method which overcomes this difficulty. We put a cushion of springy, pure gum stock between the carcass and the tread, which acts as a virtual shock absorber between the two.

Should a bit of sand work through the tread, it simply becomes imbedded in the softer cushion stock, and is thus rendered harmless. Moreover, a severe bump or strain, instead of tending to pull the tread away from the fabric, merely stretches or indents this cushion a trifle.

If you dislike the annoyance and heavy repair expense attendant upon tire blisters, you will do well to try one or two Morgan & Wright tires the next time your car needs new equipment. It won't take long for you to discover that rarity of blisters is only one of the many good reasons for this world-wide reputation they now bear.

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Dealers everywhere sell them at the same price you are asked to pay for other brands.

Morgan & Wright, - - Detroit

Till alien sausage was repulsed and driven from this shore;

And word went 'round from lip to lip, high, low, and rich and poor:

"Bunk Booth has saved the sausage mills—the Nation is secure!"

Ah, those were days of stir and strife, of fervid speech and scenes

To make the blood grow red and hot! One hero saved Baked Beans

From alien treason's fell attack with fluent speech and bold,

As did Horatius keep the bridge in the brave days of old.

And one saved Pumpkin Pie from wreck and one saved Cottage Cheese,

Till all the days were crowded full of hero deeds like these;

And foreign Tripe was beaten back, till from the patriot poor

The cry arose: "The Bill is passed! The Nation will endure!"

—J. W. Foley, in Philadelphia Ledger

Ambiguous

HOSTESS: It's beginning to rain. You'll get wet. I think you'd better stay to dinner.

DEPARTING GUEST: Oh, dear no! It's not raining so badly as all that.—Sydney Bulletin.

Franklin 1910 Automobiles

Franklin automobiles are built in three chassis sizes, four and six cylinder, with sixteen different body styles embracing touring, runabout, surrey and close-coupled bodies, limousines, landaulets, town cars and taxicabs.

The easy movement of full-elliptic springs as used on a Franklin automobile is not tiresome because vibrations are not transmitted to your nerve system, and there is no jolting and jarring. Vibrations from road shocks are completely taken up by the springs and our laminated-wood chassis frame.

Even if you use shock absorbers on a steel-frame semi-elliptic-spring automobile and tie it down to keep it from bouncing you do not eliminate vibration. The force of every road shock must go somewhere and when not taken up by the springs and chassis frame the passengers feel the effect. It is the vibrations transmitted to the nerve system that produce fatigue or dull headache and in some instances physical disablement.

Full-elliptic springs have double the elasticity and shock-absorbing ability of semi-elliptic springs. The steel frame also transmits vibrations whereas the Franklin frame absorbs them.

The easy riding and flexibility of the Franklin explains why it makes the best touring time and does it with such comfort and pleasure. In the Franklin you always drive smoothly and consistently. You are not hindered by hills and rough roads.

Very likely you think your automobile rides as easily as can be expected but when you ride in a Franklin you learn the difference.

And an easy riding automobile means long life to the vehicle and power plant. There is no racking and straining.

Franklin 1910 automobiles will average 2500 miles without tire puncture. The tires are extra large for the service required so that punctures, ruptures and other troubles are not likely to occur. It is not necessary to carry extra tires. Heavy water-cooled automobiles carry from 30 to 50 per cent more weight on tires the size of ours.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile are a reasonable, sensible proposition. They are durable, economical and efficient. It is the practical solution of tire trouble. The fact that they give so much better service proves their economy.

Franklin air-cooling has always been successful, but the improvements for 1910 are so pronounced and make the cooling so simple and positive that its perfect success is evident to all who investigate it.

The main difference over our former cooling method is the employment of air jackets and vertical cylinder flanges to direct the air currents and the elimination of the front fan and all moving parts not absolutely necessary to a gas engine.

It is necessary of course to have a fly-wheel upon any engine. After four years experimenting we have perfected a fly-wheel which has incorporated in it a pure tangential fan of new type—the most efficient air moving device known.

The air jackets direct the air, moved by the fly-wheel, downward over the valves and the tops of the cylinders and then down around the cylinders. Each cylinder gets its own cool air and is also insulated from absorbing the heat radiated from any other cylinder. Thus all the cylinders are cooled equally and perfectly and the hottest and most important part of each cylinder, the top, is cooled the most.

No means have ever been discovered for cooling an engine without using air. The water-cooled engine is cooled by air but in an indirect and complicated manner. Instead of taking up the heat from the cylinders directly by air, water is passed around the cylinders to take up the heat and then the water is sent through a radiator and heat from the water is taken up by the air. In other words water cools the engine and air cools the water.

Franklin air-cooling not only gets rid of complication and freezing and leaking troubles, but it allows the whole automobile to be lighter, more efficient and easier and cheaper to maintain.

The Franklin control is also the limit of simplicity. Ignition is by our Bosch magneto high tension system, which does not require the spark advance lever, batteries or any of the extra complications of the "double" system. To fully realize the advantage of the Franklin control you need to use it.

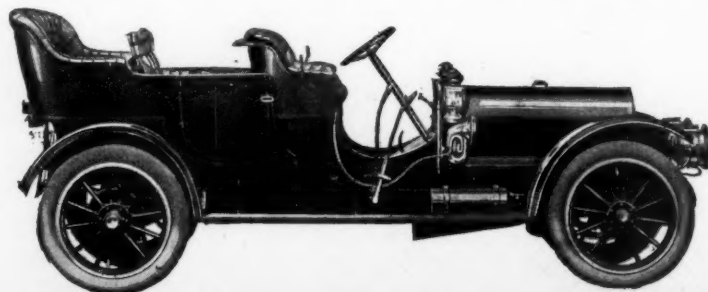
This is our second season with the magneto single ignition system. Coils and batteries seem old-fashioned to Franklin owners.

All Franklins are powerful, comfortable and quiet. They are not bulky nor heavy—they are just the right size for their passenger capacity. Strength is obtained by proper materials and proper design, not by mere bulk and weight.

The best way to understand our claims for easy riding, comfort and silence is to have a ride in other automobiles over ordinary roads, then go in a Franklin over the same roads.

Delivery of 1910 Franklins, which began in June, is made on a fixed schedule of delivery dates. This enables the purchaser to arrange with the dealer for delivery at a definite time. But as each dealer has only a limited number of deliveries each month, and as our output is already allotted, you can readily see that delivery arrangements must be made in advance.

Write for our 1910 catalogue.



H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

LIFE



EXCESS BAGGAGE



WHY IS THE SHOOTING ALWAYS GOOD WHEN YOU GO FISHING?

No Revolution

WHEN Senator La Follette intimates that there will be this, that and the other to pay because of the new tariff he is unduly alarmed. He overlooks that rock of Good Government, popular faith in the Republican party.

What is faith?

Briefly: "The substance of things hoped for (cheaper shoes and shirts), the evidence of things not seen (now you see it, now you don't—which shell is it under, any way?)."

Policy

SATAN gloomily watched the boat unloading at the dock.

"We've got to make hell more exclusive or the best people simply won't come here any more!" he remarked, and gave orders accordingly.

When is the Aldrich Presidential boom to be launched?—*Charleston News and Courier*.

NEVER! Aldrich is too useful ever to be President. He is also too able. Nobody wants a President that

can do the trick that Aldrich did. The Protected Industries are not anxious to have a President whose abilities would be thrown away in the White House. It isn't necessary to waste so much talent.

"ARE you willing to join us and become a vegetarian?"

"Yes," said the philosopher, "if you're willing to concede that all flesh is grass."

STILL Rockefellers run deep.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV SEPT. 2, 1909 No. 1401

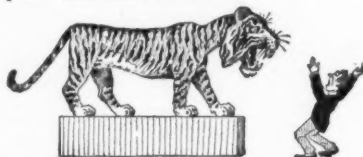
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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



CONGRESSMAN GILLETTE of Springfield, Mass., riding home on the railroad cars after the tariff session of Congress, had the indiscretion to look out of the car window. He was rejoicing in his release from legislative cares, and was all ready to be happy in the thought of the three months of comparative leisure ahead of him, but what he saw from the car window jarred and saddened his spirit. He tells about it in a letter to the *Springfield Republican*. It was nothing new. What he saw was advertisements, advertisements, advertisements, disfiguring the landscape all the way from Washington to New York. It grieved and irritated him, just as it does thousands of other travelers every day of the week, every week in the year, and more or less on every railroad in the United States. He debated with himself what he could do to stop it, considered the expediency of getting up a vast society of consumers pledged not to buy goods so advertised, rejected that plan because it savored too much of the boycott and the black list and the "combination in restraint of trade" that is forbidden by law, and came down finally to a modest personal resolve not himself to buy any merchandise urged on his attention by roadside signs. No whisky will he drink, nor pickles eat, nor wash with soap, nor smoke tobacco, nor wear suspenders, nor shave with razors that

are thus injuriously recommended. That is all he can do at present, except to write a letter to the paper, and he has done that too.

We sympathize heartily with Mr. Gillette. The whole business of roadside advertising is barbarous and ought to be suppressed, or strictly regulated, by law. It is possible that we shall see it so dealt with some day, and the sooner the better. All the offensive forms of public advertising can be abolished without injury to anybody. Talent and enterprise will be just as effective in a field reasonably restricted in the interest of taste and beauty as though the surface of all the earth was left to be defaced by commercial appeals and announcements.



IN the day when we become a civilized people the roadside advertisements will all be gone, and as that day approaches we may reasonably hope to see them lessened. A great many things will be different when we become civilized, and there are constant changes in that direction which are encouraging when we look about and take note of them. Consider city government, for example. It is still pretty bad, but it is better than it used to be. Look even at Tammany. Even Tammany improves. It is a hopeless concern, because it is a business organization contrived to gain and hold political power for business purposes. It is hopeless because it is based on corrupt intention. But civilization is continually at work on it. As the public becomes more intelligent and better instructed its standard of expectation rises, and Tammany has to meet it or lose power. It does not dare maintain nowadays abuses as flagrant and open as it once did. It grows constantly more prudent, covers its tracks more carefully, regards legality more and more anxiously in its transactions. We don't see any immediate prospect that Tammany will go bust, but a reasonable optimist may foresee a time when the public shall have grown so exacting and the newspapers so intelligent in

the matter of city administration, that there won't be enough safe graft to keep the organization nourished. When things come to that pass and there is no more than a just and reasonable reward to be got for governing the city, Tammany will be out of business, and if it still survives will have become a mere political, public service corporation.

Meanwhile, every time that Tammany is whipped the standard of city administration gets a lift, and it is pushed up a little, too, whenever Tammany is badly enough scared to feel it necessary to put up good candidates instead of bad ones. Whenever it threatens to put up grossly unfit men for office and is browbeaten by public sentiment into nominating fairly good ones, the attentive ear can catch the rattle of the hooks of civilization on Tammany's slats.



THE hope of all reform, as of reform in city government, is in the advance of civilization with concomitant elevation of the public intelligence. Splurges of reform don't last, but there is reason to hope in this country that the progress of civilization is steady. Legislation, however, is not always a reliable exponent of it. That is experimental and may be wise or foolish, as happens. The current impatience with the mischiefs done by alcohol is a true symptom of increasing public intelligence, but the current legislation on the subject is all tentative, and we presume that in the end a large part of it will be modified or repealed. Alcohol, like tariff, is a good deal of a local issue, and what is a good regulation of it in one place may be bad in another. We look to see, in course of time, less effort expended to forbid all intoxicants to all people and more effort to discriminate between the drinks and the drinking customs that do much mischief and those that are least harmful. Whisky may be driven into quasi retirement, the whole saloon industry may be changed and bettered, but we do not expect to see the American people become total abstainers.



THE ENTIRE SPANISH NAVY IS ORDERED TO MELILLA.

August



KING MORGAN "TIPS" KING EDWARD.



HOW TO ESCAPE FROM A SUBMARINE.



ST. RICHARDS.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.



KING ALFONSO ACQUIRES WHISKERS.



WHEN THE MAID QUILTS, RING FOR HELP.



AFTER THE WAR IS OVER.



DOCTORS ADVISE SEA AIR FOR APPENDICITIS.



AT LIFE'S FARM

FORMING IN LINE FOR DINNER

Everyone's Out of Town

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

SOME hundreds of thousands of children still

Are breathing the reeking air,
And white-faced mothers and babies grill
In each doorway and crowded square.
While grim Disease, through the long,
hot night,
Walks, sinister, up and down;
His field is wide and his harvest white,
Though everyone's out of town.

—From *The Cosmopolitan* for September

Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,963.81
(Mr.) George Moore Smith.....	10.00
Margaret Kemp.....	10.00
Mrs. J. M. Andrews.....	1.00
"Cash".....	10.00
G. K. Fullogar.....	5.00
F. R. B.....	10.00
Elizabeth, Scottie, May and John Gilbert Heights, Devereux, Mass.	1.25
"In memory of one who was faithful in every relation of life"...	10.00

I. C. P. and E. W. P.....	\$10.00
C. H. Veeder.....	5.00
L. D.....	15.00
"The Twitchell Lake Sunday School"	7.68
Frank C. Wells.....	1.00

Total.....\$6,059.74

POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM

Dear Mother

I got hear softly an maggie came with us
and Charlie to. We are having a nice time.
We can get all the apples we want, please
send me some postals this is the only one I
got, the address is on the bottom of this
card, good by From Adeline.

Dear Mama

I am enjoying myself and I like it and
please wright to me soon and send me some
money. Your loving daughter.

dear mamma I have got hear safe I have a
good time hear we play games hear we go
picking apples and lots of other froot and
we go swimming. Tell minnie I is coming
home 2sday. Kisses to all.

Dear Mother I am enjoying myself fine with
the ten cents I was very glad to hear from
everybody. My slippers are all gone.

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

Two boxes of oranges from the National
Orange Co., Riverside, Cal.

Bundles of clothing from Mrs. Fred E.
Lewis, Mrs. E. S. Beach, Miss Richard, Mrs.
G. R. Read, Mrs. C. M. Ingersoll and Mrs.
G. P. Ingersoll.

Warning

"NO, Alice," counsels the fond mama.
"You should not marry Mr. Left-
over. If you do you will regret it."

"Why, mama? Because he is a wid-
ower?"

"Not exactly. But he will not make
a good husband."

"Why, mama! Everybody knows that
while his wife was alive he was a shin-
ing model for all the other husbands in
town. He never drank, smoked, or
swore; he never stayed out late at night;
he never danced with any one but her—
he was simply perfect."

"I know, my child. And I want to
tell you that a man who has been held
down that way during his first marriage
will know how to dodge such rules the
second time."

The Professor and His Trained Mice



AH, yes, certainly, you can see my artists! Come right in. This is General Hannibal. He fires the gun at the signal. And this is Babs, who jumps through the paper hoops. Never have seen that act? It will pay you to do so, I assure you. Allow me, sir, to introduce you to Mademoiselle Felicity, the star of the troupe. Ah! she has caused me trouble; much trouble. She is so sensitive, so touchy, I should say! And has to have the best room everywhere we go. Would you believe it, she sulks if I pay attention to the others. See her now, sniffing at my remarks. Yes, mademoiselle, it is you have made the trouble. That black band? Ah! She must wear that to her dying day! That, sir, is in honor of little Corporal Jim. You should have seen him! He was the best of them all. My! I'm telling you the truth when I say you could read a newspaper through his ears, so delicate were they. And such a brave little man—the bravest of them all. Yes, she wears it in honor of him. And she, the little glutton—pardon me, mademoiselle, I did not mean that. Yes, she was the cause of it. You see, I had my troupe once in—what is that place? Missouri, where a cousin of my wife's had settled, and we were asked there to visit. And you know there was a change of air somewhere, and the Corporal, ah, well, he took sick. I had him in cotton wool, he with pneumonia, and I feeding him three drops of milk an hour, and that diluted. He was the clown of the troupe, you know, and you should have seen him enter into the spirit of it all. One of his tricks was to catch the others by the tail, just as they were about to per-



AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

"NOW, MISS, DON'T YOU LET ME HEAR OF YOU FLIRTING WITH THAT METHUSELAH BOY AGAIN. THE IDEA OF A GIRL OF YOUR AGE, BARELY 116, THINKING SO MUCH ABOUT BOYS! IT'S RIDICULOUS."



CALLED OFF

Mr. Mouse: WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

Mr. Owl: WHY! GONGER GRASSHOPPER AGREED TO FIGHT ANYTHING THAT CAME ALONG, AND THEY'VE MATCHED HIM AGAINST JEFF CENTIPEDE. JEFF HAS A SHORT REACH, BUT HE GIVES THIRTY BLOWS AT ONCE.

form, and drag them about. Oh, my! but this would make a hit with the audiences. Only, of course, Mademoiselle Felicity here, who does the bareback act on the pug dog, she would never have submitted to such an indignity. I mind the Corporal now, when I would whisper so, "Nip 'em Buddy, nip 'em!" how he would grab the others by the tip of the tail. I tried to teach it to Billy there, but it was no use. Here, Billy, there's one thing you can do—turn a somersault for the gentleman. Up and around; that's it. I tell you sir, an artist is always born. The Corporal had it in him. It was genius. That's the only name for it. And when he was lying there in wool, with his paws up and his eyes kinder glazy, it was a bad spell for me, knowing he had pneumonia. Do they have that? Well, I should say yes. Why, some of them artists is that delicate they catch cold at the slightest provocation, and being performers, of course, they're more susceptible. Excuse me if I use my handkerchief, but thinking of the Corporal always puts me on the blink. Oh, yes, sure, I'll tell you! I put the whole bunch in my room where I thought they were safe, never giving a thought to the brat of a boy at my cousin's, because they, be-



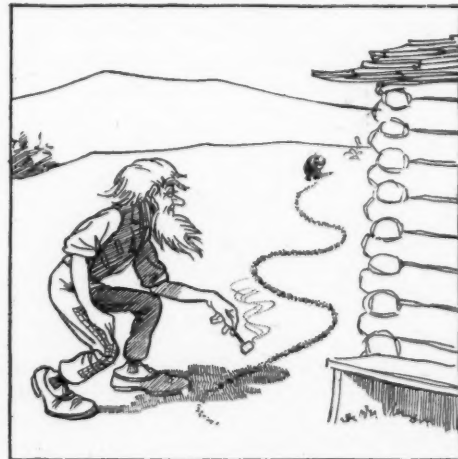
MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW, BUT WANTS THAT LITTLE LONG.

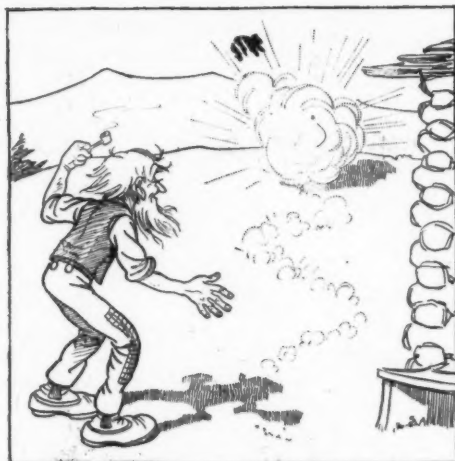
ing like human beings and valuable like, always had the best attention from every one on the road. And here when I came back from a walk and opened the door softly, so as not to disturb the Corporal lying down there in his special box by the radiator, what do I see but Miss Felicity, just poking her head into one of them painted mouse traps the boy had set there. Would you believe it? The little devil

wanted to see if she'd nibble. My! As if there was anything Felicity won't nibble! Such a little glutton as she is! And you know, being the star of the troupe, my! but you have no idea how perverse she is! Well, there was Miss Felicity, and me calling her softly to come away, and she paying no attention! I couldn't move forward, you know, to pick her up, for what with her contrary nature, as like as not she would have run right into the trap out of sheer cussedness. Oh, I haven't been managing them female artists for years—and in the mice line they're just as bad—without knowing their ways, I can tell you. And, sir, will you believe me, there I stands, transfixed with horror, my blood running cold and my hair standing on end and the other things you can think of, with Miss Felicity at death's door, and the Corporal, too, for that matter, lying there, with no squeak left in him. Of course, it was quicker than all the time I'm taking to tell it. One of them crises you read about. And then I leans forward slightly—with my breath coming and going, and thinks I, "It's up to the Corporal;" so I whispers, "Eh, Corporal, nip 'er, nip 'er." And you ought to see him! He kinder straightened up in his wool and pulled himself together. And I could see he was making a mighty effort. But it only goes to show what will power will do, for he ups and outs in a second. And there was Miss Felicity, sitting in front of the trap. And when the Corporal sees her he kinder hangs back, 'cause you know it was like sacrilege to do it, and no one dared to touch the star. And then I urges him on, "Nip 'er," says I. "Come now, Corporal, have a heart," says I, "and nip 'er;" and with that the Corporal staggers forward and grabs her by the tail, which gives me the needed moment to pick up the trap, only, you know, I hadn't counted on Felicity's temper. And, insulted as she was by being taken as she thought for only a common artist, she turns on the Corporal, weak as he was with the sickness, and grabs him by the neck before I could lay a hand over her. Never, oh, never, shall I forget the look the Corporal gives me, for having done his duty and me not being able to explain! Only it was just like 'is saying to me, "It's all right, old pal. I knows you didn't mean it; and, anyways, I done what you ast me to." And I picks him gently up, but it was too late, and I knows it was too late when I sees him close his little eyes. And so, sir, you see Miss Felicity wearing the black band there, and please God, she shall always wear it in his honor, so long as I'm manager of this inimitable troupe.

T. L. M.

Blasted Hopes





Sincerity

More than a century has elapsed and yet our tariff has constantly increased until now half our revenue is collected from our imports alone. . . . That half is taken for the most part directly from the producing class, which it impoverishes to enrich the protected, who may properly be called our slave owners. . . . All appeals for a revision and a reduction of the tariff are like appeals to inebriates not to drink to excess.—*John Bigelow to the New York Reform Club.*

I have signed the Payne tariff bill because I believe it to be the result of a sincere effort on the part of the Republican party to make a downward revision.—*Wm. H. Taft.*

SOME time ago an American humorist invented the term "Sincere drunkard." Perhaps he had in mind the situation that has just risen.

We agree with the gentleman who said that it was hard to get around President Taft.—*News and Courier.*

You don't have to get around him. You can see right through him.

ONE swallow does not make a fall.

Alliterative Aphorisms

MARRIAGE makes most men meek.

Happy hearts harbor highest hopes.

Weeping women are oft most winsome.

Man, maid and moonlight make matrimony.

Pessimists picture pleasures pernicious plagues.

Divers dark deeds drive directly to divorce decrees.

Love lights the lamps that illumine the line of life.

Saints, unlike sinners, shun society to seek solitude.

Alimony alleviates the ailments attendant upon altered attachments.

Vance C. Criss.

Taxes and Luxuries

IT seems to be a well settled principle that things which "may be treated as luxuries" are "proper subjects of a revenue tariff." The quotations are from Mr. Taft's apology for the new tariff bill.

In deciding upon an income tax, therefore, the only real point at issue is whether our millionaires are luxuries. Could we get along without them or do we need them in our business?

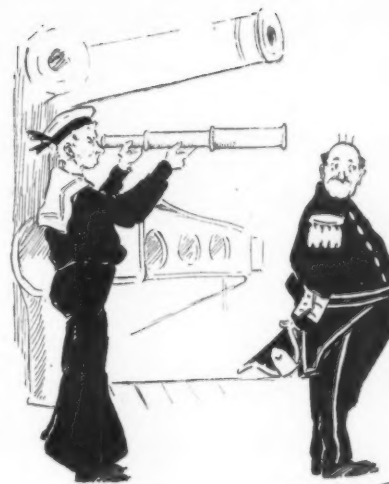
Again, as to inheritance taxes, are the children of our millionaires luxuries or are they necessary as horrible examples?

Poor Woman

"I AM so sorry for Mrs. Flite," says the lady with the display of coral rings. "She is so unhappy since she came home from her summer trip. You know she left her husband at home alone all summer."

"Ah!" significantly breathes the lady with the two-dollar barrette. "And did he carouse around and do things he shouldn't? These men!"

"That's why she is unhappy," explains the other lady. "He behaved himself, and she was so in hopes she might have a chance to get a divorce this fall."



"SEE ANYTHING OF THE ENEMY?"

"AYE, AYE, SIR. A THREE-MAST VESSEL ON THE STARBOARD BOW."

She Backed Out

"WHAT decided her not to get a divorce?"

"There was another woman in the hotel willing to take her husband as soon as the decree was made absolute."



Kindly Old Gentleman: IS THAT YOUR DOG?

"YES, SIR."

"WHAT KIND OF DOG IS HE?"

"HE'S WHITE WITH BROWN SPOTS."

A Hopeless Outlook



THE fundamental antagonism between Socialism and Christianity is obvious to any candid mind.—*Rev. Percy Stickney Grant in North American Review.*

Socialism, in its essence, is a hatred of inequality and a love of righteousness, a spirit of discontent with things as they are and a spirit of aspiration after things as they ought to be, a spirit of brotherhood, and as such I believe it to be, in word and truth, the religion of Jesus.—*Rev. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York.*

When authorities differ, what are we to do? It is obvious that Socialism is not at present like the Republican party, capable of riding two rails at once. Socialism is not an assured fact, does not control enough votes to make it a real present power, and hence has the advantage of making itself known without prejudice. If it ever gets to the point where it controls everything in sight, then

we may expect differences of opinion as to its motives.

But at present it is rather hard to be told both things at once. We can discuss the motives of Hamlet without heat, for whatever he was and whatever he did we can still eat three meals a day. But when the Rev. Grant and the Rev. Holmes are so diametrically opposed, and especially about the only programme that offers any hope for the future, it makes us uneasy.

We don't mind being robbed day and night, or working in the interests of favored industries, or being told by Mr. Taft that he never in all of his born days saw so much sincerity in political leaders, and that everything is for the best; but not to know what Socialism is leaves us with a sickening sense of something going wrong fundamentally.

Mr. Coleman Spoke Up

OUR sympathy is respectfully offered to John B. Coleman of Eugene, Oregon, who, having narrowly escaped extinction by an automobile, swore so earnestly at its occupant that he was arrested by the Chief of Police.

The traditional Irishman who tried to pick a stone out of a cobblestone pavement to throw at a dog reviled the habits of a city where the dogs were turned loose and the stones were tied down. Mr. Coleman, with equal justice, may protest against the laws of a State which forbid men to swear in public and still allow auto cars to run loose in the streets. We believe Oregon has a new law against swearing. What does an articulate citizen do in that State when an auto has just missed him? Do his feelings get no relief?

The paper says that Mr. Coleman lately gave fifty thousand dollars to found the Eugene Bible University, and intimates that that was in some way inconsistent with his use of emergency speech. But that is an absurd suggestion. The Bible has very vigorous and penetrating language in it, and would have had stronger language still if there had been automobiles in Bible times.

The Servant Question

"THAT woman seems to have a lot of trouble with her help."

"Yes, she passes her life on the doorstep, either welcoming an angel or dismissing a fiend!"



A Puppy's Albatross

I BEAR my shame upon my breast,
For all to see;
And fingers that of late caressed
Now point at me.
I did not think dead hens could be
The cause of so much misery.

But still I know this punishment
Lasts but the day,
For with the night, kind scissors sent,
Snip it away.
This thought alone my tears can stay—
But, oh, the hours, the long delay!

And you who gibe, have you no sin
Men may not see,
Which through the day you wear within
As fearfully?
Then envy, do not scoff at me,
For, with the night, I'm free, I'm free!

A Definition

"ISN'T stillness the same as silence?" asks the little girl next door.

"No, indeed," explains the little girl next door to her. "Silence is when there isn't anybody at all in the parlor, and stillness is what you don't hear when your big sister and her beau are there."

A Toast

To that

Acataleptic,
Beautiful,
Cabalistical,
Debonair,
Florescent,
Heavenly,
Iridescent,
Judicious,
Kriological,
Lethiferous,
Nonchalant,
Obdurate,
Palindromic,
Quixotic,
Romantic,
Seraphic,
Utopian,
Winsome,
Xerophthalmic,
Yearning,
Zootheite,

WOMAN.



YES, IT ALWAYS HAPPENS LIKE THIS WHEN YOUR LAST CARTRIDGE IS EXPENDED, DOESN'T IT?

Mr. Wells Pokes Up His Brethren

MR. H. G. WELLS joins Mr. Kipling in thumping the contemporary Briton. Mr. Wells is mad because the British don't take more promptly and earnestly to wings. M. Bleriot, who first flew across the channel, is a Frenchman, and Mr. Wells grumbles that Americans, Frenchmen, Germans and Brazilians are in the new aerial game, but Englishmen not. "Our homes and schools," he says, "are relatively dull and uninspiring; there is no intellectual guide or stir in them, and to that we owe this new generation of nicely behaved, unenterprising sons, who play golf and dominate the tailoring of the world," while the youth of other nations fly.

It is a sad case, of course; but may there not be a little drop of consolation for these British complainants in the re-

flection that the first thought and purpose of the Continental flyers is to improve the facilities for getting to England. Inasmuch as the English are already in England, and like it there, is it not natural that they should be slow to tease the powers of the air for means to get away?

The fault of the contemporary Briton seems to be that he is too nearly contented. He likes what he has got and, perhaps, is sluggish in the pursuit of change. If he also values his neck somewhat higher than other people, it is no more, after all, than one should expect.

The Ascent of the Aviator

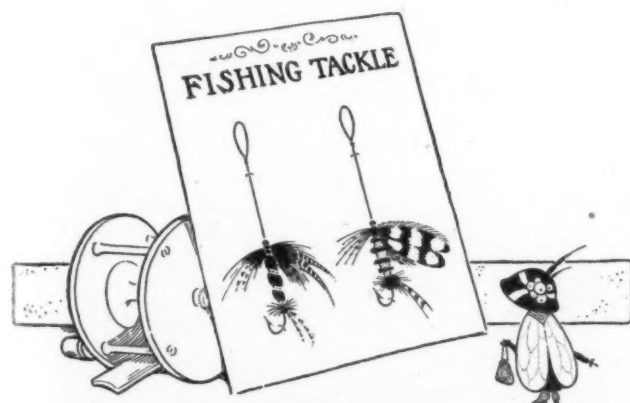
IN the air one minute—"Another fool inventor."
In the air three minutes—"Hasn't he killed himself yet?"
In the air five minutes—"All the fools ain't dead yet."
In the air thirty minutes—"Mr. Ayryder, the well-known aviator."
In the air one hour—"Our distinguished fellow-countryman."
In the air one hour and a quarter—"The wizard of the air."
In the air one hour and a half—"The Legion of Honor could have been bestowed on no worthier man."

Brute

CYNIC: She knows his footsteps a mile off in the midst of a hundred others, sees him coming from the corner of her eye, pats her hair and smooths her dress, and jumps a foot with surprise when he ascends the piazza steps.

CLINIC: Who?

CYNIC: All of 'em!



Mrs. Bug: MY, BUT AIN'T THOSE FALL STYLES JUST GRAND!

MANY a man will say, "yes, I understand," when he thinks you don't know what you're talking about.

On the Road



WHEN seated in my motor-car
Upon the King's highway,
It often gives me quite a jar
To find how selfish people are,
How rude the things they say;
I censure the pedestrian classes
Who hold their noses as one passes.

Old yokels, deaf and nearly blind,
Plod stolidly along;
When I come scorching up behind,
They pay no heed, they do not mind
My hootings loud and long.
But if I squash them flat as bloaters,
Their next-of-kin disparage motors!

Yet, when I walk upon the road,
While cars rush to and fro,
I note how much they incommode
The residents of each abode
Within a mile or so;
My tender heart in anguish sickens
To see them puncture dogs or chickens.

And when they skirt the sidewalk edge,
In clouds of whirling dust,
I leap upon a window-ledge,
Or scramble through a quickset hedge,
With ill-concealed disgust;
I dread to see them skid up onto
The curb and immolate poor Ponto.

MORAL.

O, ye, who walk the roads like slugs,
No more impede your betters!
Chauffeurs, desist from being Thugs!
Kind hearts are more than sparking-plugs,
And Tact than carburetters!
Live and let live, my bounding brothers,
And recollect that THERE ARE OTHERS!
Harry Graham.

VIRTUE is its own reward, while the
virtueless are protected by the
tariff.

LOVER: I'd like to eat her.
FRIEND: What for? She's no
chicken.

Hoot Awa!

I remember a man in my church at home in Scotland who was tempted to do what you can do rightly, but which no Scotchman, while the fear of God is in him as it has been in his fathers, can do with a clear conscience—decide that for him to play golf on the Sabbath would be to turn the face of his godly mother to the wall.—Rev. John A. Hutton, of Glasgow, addressing an American audience.

THIS opens up a nice question. We have been under the impression for a long time that the game of golf originated in Scotland. Now if, in the home of its infancy, it is not proper to play it on the Sabbath, and if in the place where it has come to be played even by President Taft, it can be done "rightly," where are we at?

We know of course, in a general sense, that morality is a matter of geography; but ought the Rev. Hutton's morality be a matter of geography, just because someone else has decided that it is?

Or is this a subtle argument on his part to get Scotchmen to immigrate to America?

Then, again, the question naturally arises as to how long a Scotchman would have to live here in order to be able to play golf on the Sabbath without caring?

To have a lot of Scotchmen on our



THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN HIS WIFE'S
INTUITION UNTIL HE TRIED IT OUT ON
HORSE RACING.

hands waiting around for the moment to arrive when they can get acclimated and can shuffle off their consciences and get out their brassies, would only add to the troubles of a nation already overburdened with race problems.

One of the Immortals

SINCE the death of George Meredith articles about him have been appearing in all the leading periodicals. There is probably not a literary magazine in the country—or in the English-speaking world—that has not had something to say about him. A large proportion of the magazines not exclusively literary have had long articles, descriptive and critical, bearing upon his place in literature.

Yet how many are there, among the people who have read these periodicals, who are familiar with the works of George Meredith, or who could be induced on any pretext whatever to read one of his novels?

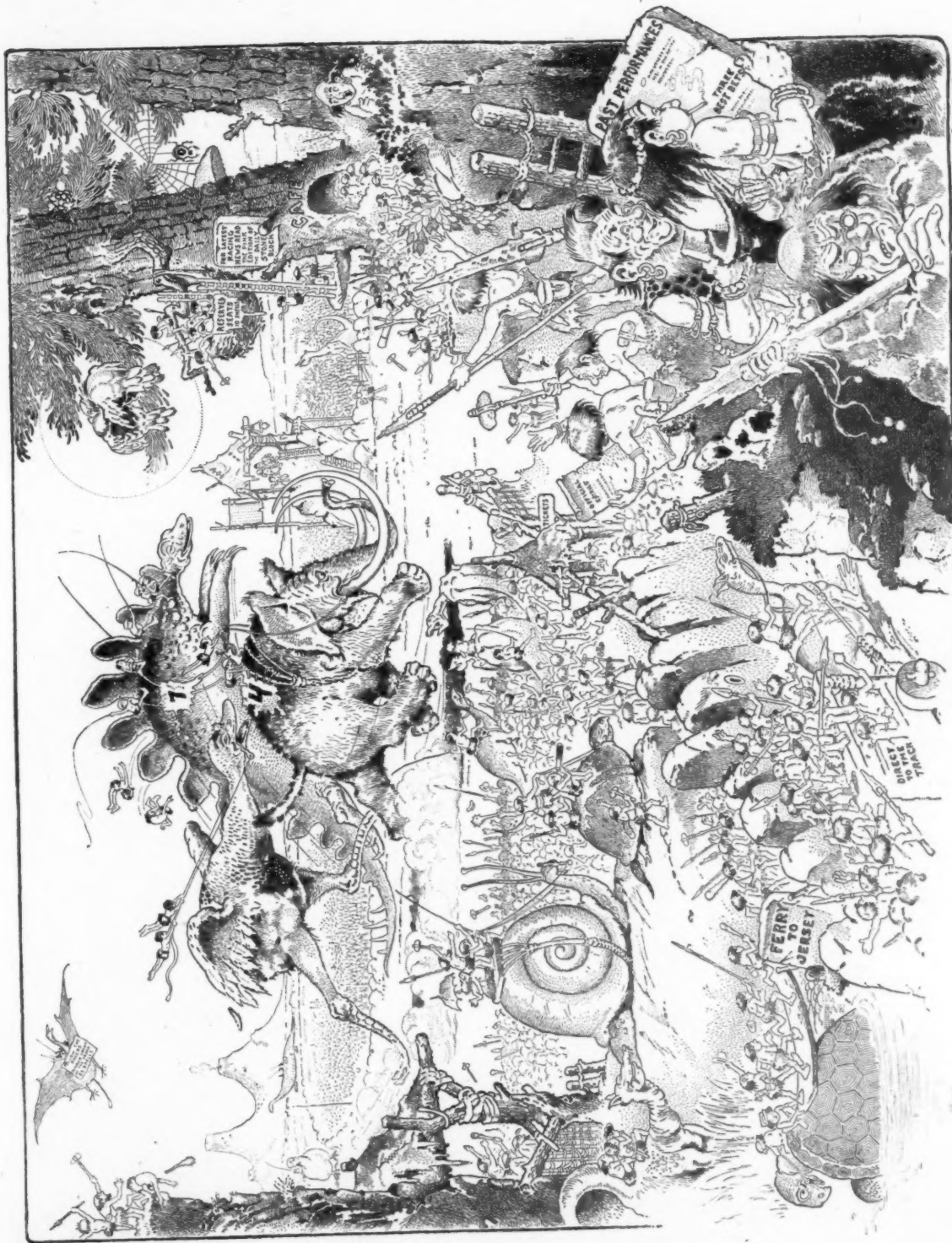
How many of the editors of these periodicals who considered it absolutely necessary to publish these articles about George Meredith have made a study of him? How many of them have read him through? How many have read one of his books?

Everybody admits, of course, that George Meredith was a notable literary figure. No one would dare to admit anything else. As the *Atlantic Monthly* puts it:

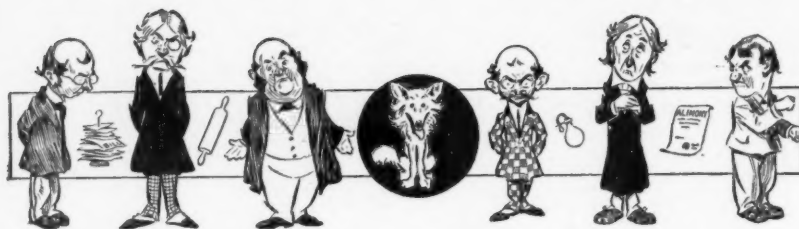
It is impossible to liken Meredith to anything small. Perhaps his style is more obscure than Browning's or his plots lack the simplicity of Molière. We sometimes go so far as to say that he lacks the robust vitality of Shakespeare. No mean condemnation, certainly! To what, then, shall we turn for the unifying secret of Meredith's art, the saving grace which keeps it forever above the level of the mediocre, and perpetually significant?

This is the kind of talk that makes a high caste literary reputation, whatever that is. We don't know whether George Meredith deserves it, but we hope that he doesn't. The fact remains, however, that he has taken his secure place among that small body of immortals whom nobody knows or cares anything about, whom nobody reads, but whom everybody admits is a great artist.

Charles Darwin, when his book "The Origin of Species," was published, received a letter from a young woman in Australia stating that she had sent him a review of his book, which was published in an Australian magazine, and asking him if he would kindly let her know his opinion of what she had written. He replied that he had duly received the review, but did not feel competent to give her an opinion about it, as it was too deep for him.



THE ORIGINAL METROPOLITAN HANDICAP
MAMMOTH WINS BY A TUSK



Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

No connection with any other establishment.

A DIFFICULT and critical situation has arisen. We shall meet it, of course. Everything has to be met in this world and, eventually, overcome. We have no fear of the ultimate result—nevertheless we have been watching with some anxiety the increase in the letters received in this office from husbands who are happily married, but who want to join the bureau on general principles. Here is a fair sample:

Dear Sirs:

I am glad to note the splendid work your Bureau is doing among many afflicted husbands. I have a number of friends who have been greatly benefited, and whom it is even safe now to visit in their own homes with pleasant results. In fact, I am so much impressed with the general worth of your work that, although I am getting along all right with my wife, I think I should like to join. I won't take a regular course—that, as I have explained to you, not being necessary. But you might put me down for the full programme as outlined by your entertainment committee. Also send me a couple of copies of your *Galaxy of Beauties*. I feel—we both feel—that you ought to be encouraged. My wife joins me in kindest regards. In making your acknowledgment, however, please address the *Galaxy* to my office.

Yours very truly,

B—W—

We have written this gentleman that we cannot enter him on our books. The moment that the slightest trouble develops in his family life we shall be only too proud and happy to give him the benefit of our wonderful system. But it might as well be understood first as last, that this Bureau is no Elysian Field of Paradise. As it is, we can't begin to supply the demands of our regular customers. We are already several hundred cases behind hand in our orders, and it is bad enough to know that, owing to a pressure of business, so many are in actual misery, without our being regarded in the light of a popular purveyor of light entertainment.

And this leads us to make a frank statement of our aims and methods. We have thought about doing this for some time, but have hesitated to intrude our own private affairs too much. But we might as well get it off our minds first as last. Our old-established trade understand us very well. They know the high

ideals that we are aiming at. No need to explain to them. But it hurts us more than we can say to be in receipt of so many communications from thoughtless, happily married people who seem to think they are actually paying us a compliment when they praise the work of our entertainment committee, and ask that they may join. To all such we say emphatically, as we have answered the gentleman above, No, never!

It is, of course, inevitable that base minds should utter cheap insinuations against our courses, and intimate that our *Galaxy of Beauties*, our Vaudeville Performance, our Summer Camp and our delightful poker rooms, to say nothing of the fall programme of our entertainment committee (sent on request to any address), are all so many baits to catch trade with.

These insinuations are, of course, to be expected. They proceed partly from misunderstanding, partly from envy, and mostly from the reports and stories sent out by rival concerns, who are utterly without scruples.

Now the facts are simple. When we take hold of a new case the husband is often in a thoroughly cowed state; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in fact. We have to get his spirit back in any way that we can. But above all things, we have to keep him cheered up. We use every means in our power to bring this about, without in any way harming his moral nature, and it is only by the most consummate art that we are able to do this. In the hands of less experienced persons the programme of our entertainment committee would no doubt be harmful in many cases. But we know our business, know just when to stop, know that psychological moment when we can bring husband and wife together again and with their relations as they ought to be. The following letter, coming from one of our oldest customers, will not only explain our attitude but do us justice in the eyes of those who may have hitherto unconsciously misjudged us:

Dear Bureau:

I notice that your rivals in this vicinity are claiming that they themselves have refused to employ some of the chorus girls you afterward engaged, on the ground of their age, and that when you did employ them you fixed them up in new clothes and false hair, etc., so that they didn't look over thirty. I enclose herewith a circular bearing on the subject, and have underlined some of the statements about your motives, and so on. I may say that I know your chorus girls are all right, from personal experience. Now with regard to your motives: I have been on your books since you started. When you began I couldn't wait to get in. What I want to emphasize is that in my opinion every man needs just the sort of recreation that you offer, and I don't hesitate to state that it does him good. I will go farther. I believe that it makes for character. It has in my case. My wife respects me all the more, just because she knows I am human. You saved me. God bless you!

Yours respectfully,

J—B—

P. S.—Send me your revised edition of *Galaxy of Beauties*.

This ought to set at rest the diabolical statements that have been made about us by creatures consumed with jealousy. We know by experience that our course of treatment in reality adds to a man's moral stature. We have seen it demonstrated time and again. We ask pardon for taking up this personal matter—which we shall never again refer to—as we consider it beneath our dignity. In the meantime, when you are in town, drop in and see us. It won't cost you a cent. You will find our reading, bridge and poker rooms a refuge in time of matrimonial stress. As you enter, the tall, stately blonde just on the right will direct you to the proper place. Please don't attempt to intrude into our private office. We should love to see personally all of our customers. But a higher duty prevents. Remember, our treatment is infallible. Advanced cases most cheerfully taken. Call, write or wire

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

Fright Destroys Power of Speech

Traverse City, Mich., Dispatch.

Thinking that she was about to be run down by an automobile, Miss Rhoda Rottenbury, twenty-five years old, was so frightened that her vocal cords were paralyzed and she is unable to speak. Physicians say that it is doubtful if she will ever regain her speech. Miss Rottenbury stepped out of a sight-seeing automobile only to see a touring car approaching. So close were the two machines in passing that it was only by rising on her tiptoe that Miss Rottenbury escaped being crushed between them. After the danger was over she collapsed and was taken home.

EDITOR HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU:

My Dear Sir: Can you assist me in finding out the name of the touring car that did this thing, together with the address of the manufacturers? As a "husband's friend" it beats your Bureau a frazzle. I'll have one, if it costs my last dollar. Help me find it, and I am yours forever,

A HUSBAND.



HOMEWARD BOUND

Ici On Parle Français.



A NEWSPAPER syndicate circular announcing a course in conversational French puts this pertinent question: "Are you aware that in every hundred people in the United States, there are at least ten who speak, read, or study French?"

Why, certainly! We even think it is an understatement. When we reflect that at least a tenth of the population in Greater New York read and speak Hebrew, and that perhaps thirty per cent. of the remainder—including Poles, Lithuanians, Italians, Germans and Swedes—are patiently endeavoring to acquire the rudiments of English by reading the sporting and editorial pages of Mr. Hearst's newspapers—the question does not stagger us in the least.

Take Chicago, alone. For a long time the natives spoke only their native tongue—a pure American, slightly tintured with the dialect of Indiana. But Canadian influences could not long be resisted, and undisguised references to the *élite*, and reports of musicales and sworrays gradually crept into the columns of the newspapers. It finally became the custom of *The Tribune*, when a Bernhardt or a Coquelin appeared at the Schiller or Hooley's, to print criticisms of the performance both in French and English. On the other hand, the French city of St. Louis (founded by two Frenchmen) is overrun by Germans, and so there is little disposition to make a fuss over the Gallic language. An attempt to popularize it was made at one time by the leading journal of that city, the *Globe-Democrat*, which for many months printed the heading, *Pour les Dames* over its "woman's column"; but with the election of a German mayor the movement fell through.

* * *

Sometimes we have thought that French was making slow progress in

this country. For example, there is a vegetarian restaurant in New York, where the thirsty can procure no stronger potation than a cereal mockery of coffee. Yet many persons, attracted by the sign, *Café*, entered it for the purpose of appeasing a morbid craving peculiar to the bibulous. So the proprietor—etymologically, if not dietetically, correct in his announcement—found it expedient to remove the sign.

* * *

There is a time to air your French accent, and there is a time when it is better to keep it in reserve. Thus a lady of our acquaintance, whose French is imported and has paid duty, lunched one day in a Broadway restaurant noted throughout the country for its French cuisine. She said, with the distinct enunciation peculiar to her, "Bring me a *biscuit glacé*." When you say that properly, you know, it sounds something like this: "Bring me a bee-skwee glass-a." And the lady said it—just like that. But it isn't the way the waiter heard it. What he thought he heard was, "Bring me wheesky in a glass." That is what he brought anyway. And he never learned better, because the lady was obliged to take the whisky in order to recover from the shock.

This misadventure, which is tragically and literally true, and not an attempt at humor, teaches us the perils we run when we try to talk French to persons who do not know it as well as we do. Many a *bon mot* of ours has been lost in this way. Once at an Italian *table d'hôte*, in lower New York, where the French has a slight flavor of Neapolitan, we sat us down to dine, on a cold, raw day in spring. The landlord honored us with his personal service. He greeted us in French. The time seemed propitious. So we said, slowly and distinctly: "*Le printemps est ici. Aussi*"—and here we paused to say, with even greater deliberation, "*le printemps est icy*."

Afterwards, in seeking for an explanation of the indifference with which our

announcement was received, it was suggested that we did not sufficiently discriminate between the pronunciation of *ici* and "icy." But that, of course, is absurd. The truth is that if you want to say a really witty thing in a foreign language, the only safe course is to write it out, as we are doing now.

Taine held that morals are a product, like vitriol or sugar, and that, given the diet, period and climate of a people, he could deduce their literature. With the growth of the restaurant habit in New York (a French cuisine preferred), and the aid of the *Alliance Française*, may not our manners be ameliorated despite the vagaries of our weather? It is almost impossible to be rude or boorish in French, or ungallant to women. Let the leaven work till we all learn courtesy—until Manhattan's mankind will rise *en masse* to salute unseated woman, and, hanging gracefully to a strap, exclaim with one voice in the fluent French accents of the *Chicago Daily News*: "Please aux dames!"

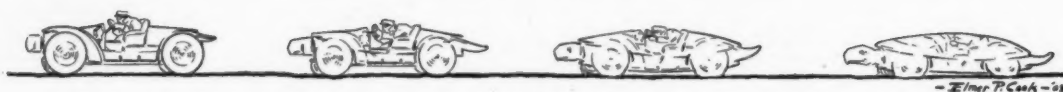
W. T. Larned.



"REMEMBER, IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE"







LOOKING BACKWARD

A Lost Love

AS we sat on the piazza together, I remembered the time when she was beautiful.

She was still a splendid creature. But her complexion had been more or less burned away, and her clothes were not intended for any purpose but one, namely, to ward off the dust.

"Do you remember," I said softly, as I held her hand, "the time when you said you loved me?"

"What is love?" she asked vaguely. "Isn't it something connected with horses?"

"Yes," I replied, "it belongs to the age when two people used to go out in a buggy, let the reins hang over the dashboard, and forget everything else."

"They could hardly do that now," she murmured. "But, do you know"—her face grew animated—"really it is terrible the way some people simply won't turn out. Yesterday we were going along at a twenty-mile clip and there was a man with a horse ahead of us who simply refused to."

"Let's get back to that other subject," I muttered. "I was about to tell you how much I loved you."

She looked at me strangely. Evidently she did not understand.

"What is your car?" she asked.

I was obliged to admit that it was a second-hand affair, purchased from a friend.

"They are very good little cars," she said condescendingly. "I had one once, until I got my four-cylinder Dart. What mixture do you use in winter?"

"Mixture!" I repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, yes. You must use something. I tried alcohol and water the first year, but it didn't work very well. The Dart people have one that is very good. It has glycerine in it. Oh, say, by the way, I have a dandy chauffeur now. He is simply great!"

"How about that love question?" I asked again.

"It's too much indoors to suit me," she replied. "Have you ever taken the ideal tour? It's fine. We went over it in ten days—fastest time made by a fully equipped car. We had a trunk on behind, carried no end of tires, and had three friends with us. Never had an accident. Punctures? Oh, yes, of

course! What tire do you prefer. I've tried 'em all. There is a new one, out last month. Splendid tread. You know I always try a new make of tire. They are likely to be good the first six months. We've had as much trouble with leaky valves as anything else. Oh, oh! You would have died if you had seen us the other day coming over from Philadelphia. I had an engagement to go over the Vanderbilt course, and we were due in Long Island City at 3 P. M. We hadn't got any farther than Elizabeth when one cylinder went lame. There we were, shooting along on three—no time to stop. Now, you know it takes a pretty good car to go thirty miles an hour on three cylinders and keep it up for three hours or slightly less. Oh, well, we got there! Next year I shall have a big six, I'm just dying for one."

"Do you ever think of anything else," I ventured, "but motor cars?"

She opened her eyes.

"Why should I?" she asked, with an injured look.

I regarded her gravely. This was no time to be considerate.

"There are other things," I asseverated. "For example, there is falling in love, and getting married, and intercourse with your neighbors, and walking and reading and writing, and making friends and doing good to the poor, and, in fact, leading one's life out with as much decent variety as is possible."

"I used to think of doing those sort of things," she said reminiscently, "but, of course, that was a long time ago. Some people practise them now, I believe. Did you know they've opened a new hotel in Bridgeport? Makes the run down from Hartford really enjoyable. Can you see a copper?"

"See a copper? How? What?"

"I mean can you spot them ahead? My chauffeur is great at it. The other day, going through Hackensack—you know, they are something awful there—he almost threw me out of the back seat with the brakes; there was one of 'em hiding behind a tree a mile ahead. Oh, I tell you, you can't be too careful going through Hackensack!"

I got up.

"Good-bye," I said, holding out my hand. "Remember that I once loved

you, and that we may never meet again."

"Nonsense!" she smiled back. "Just give me your number. I'm liable to pick you up on the road at any time. Besides, you are going on the Glidden tour aren't you? Everybody does, you know."

Chesterton Todd.

Constant

MOTHER: Is it possible, Harry, that you have eaten all that cake without giving a thought to your sister?

HARRY: Oh no! I thought of her every second. I was afraid all the time that she would come before I had eaten it up.

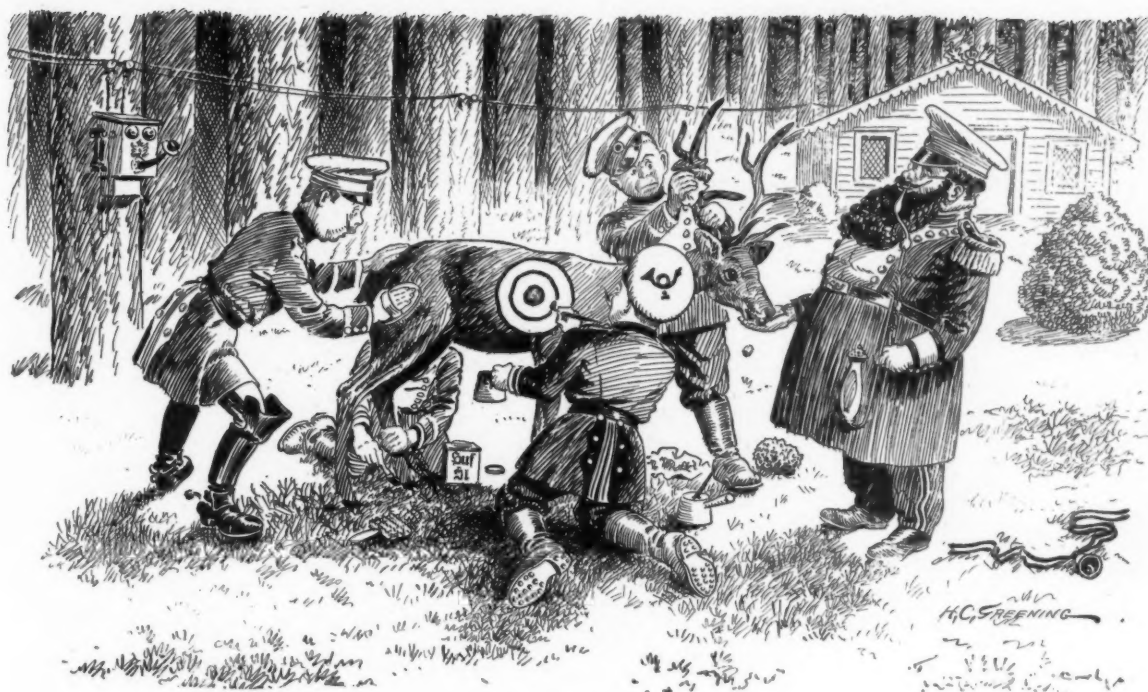
MANY a minister thinks he has received a call from God when the operator has merely given him the wrong number.

"OH, Johnnie, Johnnie," said his aunt reproachfully, "why is it you never remember to say thank you?"

"I expect it's 'cause I don't get things given to me often enough to practice," answered the young diplomat hopefully, eyeing a box of candy.



"YOU MAY NOT WISH TO PURCHASE THOSE JOKES, SIR, BUT YOU NEED NOT INSULT ME BY LAUGHING AT THEM."



PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL HUNT.

You Never Can Tell

BY THOMAS L. MASSON.



"I WONDER what that can mean?"

Willet, walking down the grass-grown street of his home town, paused for an instant in wonder as he looked ahead of him and saw the local expressman taking a trunk out of his own house. At the same moment a livery hack came out from the porte-cochère, and drove off as rapidly as it could toward the Erie station, at the other end of the village. Willet had gotten off the Pennsylvania local in the opposite direction.

It was early in the afternoon, and the place was deserted. The only person in sight was Gumshaw, the local real estate dealer, who sat in the window of his office reading a pathological work that he had borrowed that morning from the village doctor.

Gumshaw was not a great reader. When he did read he usually took some racy novel. But he had happened to be over at the doctor's and had seen this book lying on the table, and by a sort of curious whim he had asked to look it over.

Willet saw plumes floating out of the window of the hack, and surmised that they belonged to his wife. He didn't understand why she should be going on a journey in that unexpected manner, and he hurried along and entered his house. In the hall, on the table, was an envelope, addressed to him. He tore it open and read as follows:

"Good-bye. I have gone with one who truly loves me. Don't try to bring me back. It would do no good.

"HELEN."

Willet could scarcely believe his eyes. He stared blindly at the paper. His mind reeled.

They had been married for eight years and had never had any trouble. He couldn't understand it. The swiftness of the blow left him in a collapse.

He made a desperate effort to pull himself together. Who was with her? Where had they gone?

The carriage and the trunk were both going in the direction of the Erie station, a mile and a half away.

Willet sprang down cellar. A wheel was lying there that he was in the habit of using to take him back and forth from the golf links. He grabbed it and rushed it up stairs.

He pedaled as he never pedaled before. But it had taken him some little time to recover, and his wife and the man she was with—whoever he was—were well ahead. He heard the whistle of the train.

He came in sight of the station.

The train, with its engine puffing in steady monosyllables, was standing on the track. It had taken only an instant to throw the trunk aboard and another instant for the passengers to get on. The conductor pulled the cord; the train moved slowly at first, then faster and faster.

"Stop!" shouted Willet, jumping off his wheel. But no one heeded him.

He waved his arms; he shouted; all of no avail. The train slipped rapidly by.

Then, in the car next to the last, he saw two faces, one pale, distressed—his wife's; the other, that of a man.

Stubbs!

Willet, standing there and shouting, could scarcely believe his senses.

Stubbs! The homeliest, most repulsive, red haired, scraggly, undersized human being that Willet knew.

The idea that his wife had gone off with this man—his wife, so refined, so altogether domestic and secluded in her married life—for she seemed devoted to nothing else but home—should do this, was too much. It was almost ridiculous in its unreality.

The baggage man said that the trunk was checked to Buffalo. The next train was four hours later. Willet could make better time by going back over the Pennsylvania and connecting with the Central. He looked at his time table and found that he had an hour to wait before the Pennsylvania train was due.

He rode back home. Suddenly he remembered Gumshaw, whom he had seen sitting in his window as he passed by. Gumshaw knew everybody and everything that was going on. Maybe he could find out something from him.

He went to the telephone and called up Gumshaw. It occurred to him that his own home was the better place, rather than Gumshaw's office, where anybody was likely to drop in.

Gumshaw put down his book when he got the message, after assuring Willet that he would be right over.

"I'll bet it's about Stubbs," he soliloquized. "Well, I understand some things now that I didn't know about before."

He hurried over to Willet's.

"Did you know that my wife had gone off with Stubbs?" was Willet's first greeting. "Read this"; he handed Gumshaw her note.

Gumshaw read it silently and handed it back.

"It's tough," he replied. "I am awful sorry."

"Sit down. What do you know about it? I am going after them on the next train, and I thought you could probably give me more information than anyone else in town. Don't hesitate. Speak up. Tell me what you know."

"You went away about a month ago, didn't you?"

"A little over three weeks."

"Well, they say that you hadn't been gone more than a few hours before Stubbs began calling at your place. He's been there every day since. And this is the result, That's all I know."

"Then it's true." Willet let the paper drop on the floor. "I can't believe it."

Gumshaw leaned forward. A sudden idea, born of his experience and native energy, had occurred to him.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—why, the thing is out of all reason. If she had only taken a man! But a miserable, sneaking cur like that—why it simply can't be."

"He's smart enough, isn't he? They say he's well off."

"That hasn't anything to do with it. Why, he's positively repulsive. I remember the first time she saw him—she said to me at the time that she disliked him; she couldn't bear the idea of having him near. It can't be."

"That's just the reason," said Gumshaw.

"Just the reason?"

"Sure. It's because he's different. She just took a notion to him. He was so darned homely, so blamed repulsive, that he probably fascinated her. It's a common thing."

Willet looked at his watch.

"I'm off for that next train," he said, with his face set.

"You've got lots of time—twenty or thirty minutes. You're in a hurry. Now just wait. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going after them, of course."

"What for?"

"What for! Why I'm going to kill that cur."

"What for?"

"Because he deserves it."

"How do you know he does?"

"Oh, there's no use talking to me," exclaimed Willet wildly, "I'm in no mood for an argument. Wait till I see them. Wait—"

Gumshaw got up and shut the door. He had a square jaw, and he never let go of an idea when it once took possession of him.

"Now look here, Mr. Willet," he said "let's get down to business. You're a big man."

"How big—what do you mean?"

"I mean in your thought. This thing has rattled you—but let's look at it as a business proposition. You have been married eight years, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And you have had a happy married life?"

"Yes."

"And it's all over with."

"Well?"

"Well, why jump in now on the spur of the moment, and make things worse? Your wife has run off with another man. What of it? It's a tragedy, of course. But you're a man, and you've got to stand it. Suppose you follow them up and kill him—what good will it do? Absolutely nothing, except that you will have to stand trial. It will cost you all you've got and land you in jail. Don't go off half-cocked. Your wife can't help herself. She is obeying a perfectly common pathological impulse."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've seen lots of such cases. She lived with you a normal life for eight years. She was really asleep. She thought she loved you, but she didn't. Suddenly—due to some hidden racial impulse—she meets a red-haired, scraggly thing with diamond eyes, and is irresistibly attracted to him. He feels the same way toward her. Very well. Why should you interfere, just because, eight years ago, some functionary made you sign an agreement? Pshaw! Can't you see that you have no right to interfere with what is really her privilege? You may say that you owe a duty to society to bring the guilty ones down. I say no. You owe a duty to her and to yourself. As the case stands at present, there are three people, two of whom have started out to be happy at the immediate expense of the third, who, in a short time, will readjust himself to the changed conditions and be a bigger and better man for this larger view of life. But suppose this third man tries to change the course of things by an unnatural interference? Then all of you will be ruined. Don't resist the inevitable. Let 'em live their lives out. Remember that for eight years she made you happy, attended to your wants, and don't hold it up against her now that she has only obeyed a call beyond her power to prevent."

Gumshaw's voice was eloquent. Willet listened in spite of himself.

There was a pause. Willet was fighting it out.

"You're right," he said at last. "I hadn't thought of it in that way. It's the dignified thing, isn't it, to let 'em go?"

"Nothing surer. You can't make things different. If they have done wrong, be sure they will get their innings. All you have to do is to stand aside and forget it."

"I can't live here."

Gumshaw's eyes glistened.

"Certainly not. Pull up and go away. Give 'em a divorce if they want it—which, of course they will, after this first fever has passed away. Get rid of 'em in the only manner possible. Let 'em live their own lives, and you pick up yours where it has been broken off, and make it over again. Go West. You can get a separation all right. He has money anyway. He'll take care of her, and if he doesn't, why that's no funeral of yours."

"That's right."

Willet looked around at the walls, hung with memories of eight years.

"Can you sell this place?" he asked.

Gumshaw reflected. He stroked his face thoughtfully.

"It's an off season," he said. "I suppose you want to get rid of it—if you can."

"Yes. I hate the thought of it. I feel like burning it down."

"Sure you do. Well, I want to help you. I'll do all I can. Let's see, it cost you—?"

"Ten thousand."

"Without the furniture?"

(Continued on page 314.)

The "30" Locomobile



"30" Shaft Drive 1910 "40" Chain Drive
The Locomobile Co. of America
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BROADWAY Cor. TWENTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK

You Never Can Tell.

(Continued from page 312.)

"Yes, there's at least four or five thousand dollars worth of furniture and stuff."

"That is what you paid for it. It would hardly bring that at auction."

"No. What do you suppose you can sell it for?"

Gumshaw leaned forward.

"I don't know of anyone who would want such a place," he said, "but wait a moment—there is a bare possibility of one customer on my books considering it. What's your lowest price?"

"Why, how much can I get for it?"

"Well, say ten thousand for the whole thing."

"That's giving it away."

"It always is giving it away, when you have to sell. Of course, if you want to wait."

"No. All right. Get more if you can."

"I'll let you know in twenty-four hours, or less. In the meantime, come over to my house and stay with me. You ought not to be alone for a moment."

The following afternoon, when Willet came by, Gumshaw hailed him cheerily.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed. "I sold your place for ten thousand five hundred—just five hundred more than you expected to get. My commission is \$275."

"It's cheap enough at that."

"Well, as I said, you can't always sell when you want to. I think you did pretty well. Here's my check to bind the bargain. Please sign this receipt. When do you start for the West? My party don't expect to move in for six months or so."

"I'm going to-night. Who bought the house?"

Gumshaw shrugged his shoulders.

"Party doesn't want his name known just now. Have an idea he is holding it for a speculation."

But after Willet had gone, and Gumshaw had read over once more the telegram from Stubbs at Buffalo, telling him that he would take the house at the price named, he couldn't help but soliloquize to himself:

"Well, I swear! I certainly thought I was wasting my time reading that pathological book, or whatever you call it. But when a man is in the real estate business, you never can tell what fool thing may happen along to help him put through a deal; especially if his heart is in his work."



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College Boys Growing

Measurements by scientists bring out the interesting fact that the American college athlete of to-day is a much larger man than his father was, and is constantly growing. The average height of the Yale athlete to-day is an inch and a half more than it was five years ago; he is twenty-two pounds heavier, with three inches more chest development and 42 cubic inches more lung capacity; the average height of the Yale athletes is now 5 feet 9.9 inches and their weight exactly 170.5 pounds. At an examination of Harvard athletes Professor Sargent found that they were an inch taller and from four to five pounds heavier than were the students of thirty years ago.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

THE late Henry H. Rogers, discussing once with a reporter the idea of government work for the unemployed in hard times, said:

"Economic conditions can't be bettered by manufacturing work for men to do. Such economic ideas remind me of Tim Greeley, of Fairhaven.

"Tim marketed for his mess during the war. Cracked eggs used to be sold for half the price at the canteen. Tim walked in one day with market basket and said:

"Gimme two dozen best cracked eggs."

"Cracked eggs all out, Tim," said the sutler.

"Tim nodded toward the egg crate in the corner."

"Well, crack us some, will ye?" said he."—*Rochester Herald*.

Resolution

WHEREAS, I, Kitty Cameron, have far too many beaux. (They say that I encourage them? It really is not so!)

WHEREAS, to make life simple is what I most desire, for which just concentration is all that I require;

Resolved, That I, instantan, before it is too late, agree hereby, without reserve, strictly to concentrate—to give up splitting waltzes and such alluring tricks, cut down my field of labor and concentrate on six.—*N. Y. Sun*.

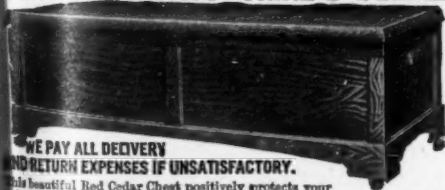
The Goods

"We live in exacting times."

"As to how?"

"One must deliver the goods, and yet not be caught with them."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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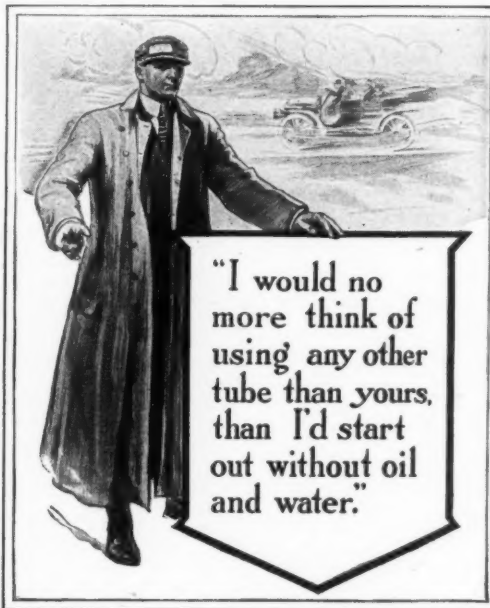


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One Year's Experience WITH A SET OF Dow Inner Tubes

Mr. C. H. Lester of Englewood, N. J., writes us under date of June, 1908, in part, as follows:—"I left New York for Chicago and finally reached here after a most trying run over the worst possible roads; in places I ran for miles over cut stones and sharp edged rocks so that my new tires were cut to pieces; in many places you can see the inner tube."



"I would no more think of using any other tube than yours, than I'd start out without oil and water."

"I felt perfectly secure with your tubes."

Under date of July, 1909, Mr. Lester writes:—"As you know from my letter of a year ago what I think of the Dow Tube, I want to say further to you that I used the same set of tubes and drove over 12,000 miles in my Packard Runabout. They have given me the utmost satisfaction in every way and I never started for a run but what I felt perfectly secure in arriving on time."

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Dow Tubes will cut your tire troubles down to the lowest minimum. They do not deflate from punctures. They have double walls—except at the rim section—and between those walls is a mixture of paste and feathers. When the air attempts to escape it forces the feathers into the puncture and hermetically seals it at once.

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The Difference

Sydney Rosenfeld once wrote a comedy entitled *The Optimist*, which achieved success after the production, but was a long time reaching the stage. Manager after manager refused the manuscript, and one day Mr. Rosenfeld, whose patience was exhausted, blurted out to his sole auditor:

"Of course you don't appreciate the play! You don't even know the meaning of its name."

"Yes, I do," protested the impresario.

"Well," insisted Mr. Rosenfeld, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

The manager barely hesitated.

"An optimist is an eye doctor," he said; "a pessimist is a foot doctor."—*Harper's Weekly*.

MOTHER (telling the history of our first parents): And Eve ate of the fruit and she gave some to Adam.

DOLLY: Oh, mummie! how kind of her!—*Punch*.

"Biffers must be a poet and a socialistic reformer."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, I understand he never pays any taxes."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A WESTERN clergyman announces that the God of the Bible is not the God of Chicago. We had suspected as much for a long time.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



The Golf-ire

(With acknowledgments to R. K.)

A fool there was, and he raised his head,
Even as you and I.
He had made his drive and laid it dead,
And unto himself he softly said,
"I'll gobble a two or bust instead—"
Even as you and I.
Now, the fool looked up as he made his putt,
And the ball flubbed on with a slicy cut,
And the fool howled, "Oh, you blankety mutt!"
Even as you and I.

—Harper's Weekly.

Rather Rough

GUNNER: And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled.

GUYER: H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples.—Chicago News.

"Magna Cum Laude"

"Did your son graduate with honors?"

"I should say so. He had two fractured ribs, a broken arm, and numerous strained tendons."
—Red Hen.

SMALL: A normal human brain weighs two pounds, fifteen ounces.

WAITE: Let's talk about things that concern us.—Judge.



ECCENTRIC

There was once a Pianist named Greer,
Whose playing was awful to hear;
But they say his Technique
Was unique, so to speak,
For he played *absolutely* by Ear.

DR. OSLER'S jest still recoils upon him. "At Oxford, on occasion of his sixty-first birthday, an undergraduate poem ran:

Brothers, I am sixty-one,
And my work on earth is done;
Peace should follow after storm,
Reach me down the chloroform!

—Post.

As Ever

ON THE WAY.

We are moving to the country and our brand new bungalow;
We've finished with the packing and are ready now to go.
We've taken the canary and the parrot and the cat,
And we're all of us delighted to be done with that old flat!

We have left the city racket and the turmoil and the heat,
And we're glad to say adieu to both the building and the street.
The van man's gone before us and we're speeding on our way;
We'll eat our humble supper at the bungalow to-day!

LATER.

We have been here most a fortnight in this God-forsaken spot!
The roads are something awful, and, my eye, but ain't it hot!
There's hardly any water and there isn't any gas;
The dooryard's full of mortar, but there's not a blade of grass.

We haven't any neighbors and we're broiling in the glare,
And the silence is so awful that it's more than we can bear.
The parrot's most unhappy, and so likewise is the cat,
And we're all of us just pining for the old, delightful flat!

—L. S. Watherhouse in The Sun.

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STELLA: Of what classes does mankind consist?

BELLA: The superman, middleman and only man.—*Judge.*

That Got Him

A theatrical manager delighted in taking a rise out of conceited or vain members of his company.

"I see you are getting on fairly well," he remarked.

"Fairly? I am getting on very well," replied the hero of the play, proudly. "I played Hamlet for the first time last night. You can see by the papers' glowing criticisms how well I got on."

"I have not read them," replied the other quietly, "but I was there."

"Oh, you were. Well, you noticed how swimmingly everything went off? Of course, I made a bungle of one part by falling into Ophelia's grave, but I think the audience appreciated even that."

"I know they did," said the manager with a slight smile; "but they were frightfully sorry when you climbed out of it again!"—*Pittsburg Press.*

A Useful Garment

CLOTHIER: Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you?

CUSTOMER: Oh, yes; all my boys have worn it.

"Well, think of that!"

"I do. Every time after a rain the next smaller one has to take it."—*Answers.*

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A LOVE-SMITTEN youth, who was studying the approved methods of proposal, asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he doesn't," replied the friend, "the girl should get off."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Overworked Snake

The new, and very stringent prohibitory law which goes into effect in Kansas has revived an old story on the subject. A stranger went into a Kansas drug store and asked for some whiskey. "I can't sell you any whiskey," said the druggist.

"But I'm sick," persisted the stranger.

"That won't help any," replied the druggist.

"It don't make any difference. I can't sell you any whiskey for being sick."

"Well, what can you sell it to me for?" asked the stranger.

"The only thing we can sell whiskey for in this town," said the druggist, "is for snake bites. Hold up now! Don't ask me where to get bitten. No use. There is only one snake in town, and he is engaged for three weeks ahead."—*Kansas City Journal.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

A Fearsome Threat

From the classroom occupied by the roughest boys in the Sunday school came a great uproar. The secretary in the next room went in to investigate. Complete silence followed the opening of the classroom door.

"Have you got a teacher?"

"No."

"Do you want one?"

"No."

"Then be quiet or you'll get one."

Result, comparative peace.—*Manchester Guardian.*

"In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE."

Hard to Tell

A noted horseman tells the story of a man who entered a horse in a certain race and made a bet on it.

When the horses got away the man stood with the field-glasses glued to his eyes, watching the progress of his favorite.

Some of the men who knew of the bet crowded around and asked how the horse was going.

"Well," was the reply, "I can't just make out whether he is the last in the third race or the first in the fourth."—*Lippincott's.*

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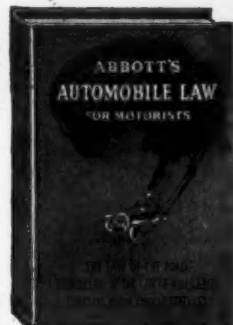
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THE RESEMBLANCE

Sunday Travel

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by 'a Sabbath day's journey'?"

"I am afraid, my son, that in many cases it means twice around the golf links."—Tit-Bits.

Proof Positive

A Western newspaper man visited Washington recently and told the following story on former Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who was once city editor of the *Sun*. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day.

Cummings called his star reporter, Murray. "Tom," he said, "go out to-morrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor."

It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at the city desk.

"They were," he reported.—*In Success*.

SIR W. S. GILBERT contributes an amusing article on "Actors and Authors" to the programme of the London Drury Lane matinee in aid of the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium at Davos Platz. The following extract will be read with appreciation:

The author's greatest difficulty lies in the necessity of directing an actor's attention to an obvious mispronunciation—a feat that must be achieved without humiliating the actor in the presence of his professional brethren.

Many years ago I was engaged in rehearsing a burlesque, and a very clever young lady had to sing the couplet:

Indubitably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

The clever young lady, whose pronunciation was not always beyond reproach, delivered the lines thus:

Indubitably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

This, of course, would not do, so I determined to alter the word to "inevitably." The young lady agreed that the alteration greatly improved the verse, but she was not to be deprived of her "tub," so she sang it:

Inevitably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

This was just as bad, so I made it "unquestionably," and, of course, it came out:

Unquestionably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

I could think of no other word that would answer the purpose, so, as a last resource, I said to her:

"Do you think it advisable to give the word its French accent?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, 'unquestionably'—that's the way it is pronounced in Paris. In addressing an English audience perhaps the simple English version of the word would be better. Try it at all events, 'unquestionably,' 'a' instead of 'u.' 'Unquestionably' would be all very well for the stalls, but the gallery wouldn't understand it."

"Of course," she said, "the English accent would certainly be more appropriate."

And she sang it "unquestionably" like the good girl that she was.—*Argonaut*.

A New Twist

"Please, sir, me grandmudder"—

"Tell a new one, Johnny."

"Promised to take me to de game to-day if you'll lemme off."

He got off.—*Pittsburg Post*.

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An Oppressive Ointment

A Baptist minister of Kansas City tells this incident of services which he conducted in the court house of Stanley County, North Carolina, on the occasion of a visit several years ago: "Uncle Wash" Russell, whose piety and faithfulness no one ever questioned, was a deacon in the church and a leader in the movement to complete the partly finished church building and stop holding services in the county court room. The minister called on Uncle Wash to lead in prayer. What his prayer lacked in elegance it made up with fervency. In it, with the North Carolina pronunciation, were these words:

"O, thou, exhaustible God! An'tint this here

visitin' brother with the Isle of Patmos?"—*Kansas City Times*.

The Patient Mule

The kind-hearted woman was very solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a sad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, says a writer in the *Washington Star*. "Do you ever abuse that mule of yours?" she inquired one day.

"Lan' sakes, miss," answered Mr. Erastus, "I should say not! Dat mule has had me on de defensive soh de las' six years."—*Youth's Companion*.



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He Did His Part Thoroughly

In order to avoid an argument with a woman suffragist on the subject of her hobby, a happy bachelor gallantly acquiesced in the truth of her assertions.

"But, sir," sternly remarked the spinster, "your admission is anything but creditable to you. What, for instance, have you ever done for the emancipation of woman?"

"Madam," responded the gentleman with a polite smile and a bow, "I have at least remained a bachelor!"—Judge.

"Why worry about the children?"

"I can't help it."

"Put, my dear, you are hurting your game of bridge."—Kansas City Journal.

Professor Palmer and the Press

Professor George Harbert Palmer is angry at the American press. He says that it has misrepresented him. He made a speech about the education of women, and inadvertently used the word "flirt." This was enough to start the ball rolling.

I told (he says in the Outlook), of a strong student of Radcliffe who had lived much withdrawn during her course there, alarming her uncollegiate parents by her slender interest in social functions. At graduation they pressed her to devote a year to balls and dinners and to mastering what they regarded as the occult art of manners. She came to me for counsel, and I advised her to accede to their wishes. "Flirt hard, M.," said I, "and show that a college girl is equal to whatever is required of her." This was the only allusion to the naughty topic which my speech, an hour in length, contained.

That evening one of the "yellowest" of the Boston papers printed a report of my "Address on Flirtation," and the next day a reporter came from the same paper requesting an interview. The interview I refused, saying that I had given no such address and I wished my name kept altogether out of print. The following Sunday, however, the bubble was fully blown, the paper printing a column of pretended interview, generously adorned with headlines and quotation marks, setting forth in gay colors my "advocacy of flirtation."

And now the dirty bubble began to float. Not being a constant reader of this particular paper, I knew nothing of its mischief until a week had gone by. Then remonstrances began to be sent to me from all parts of the country, denouncing my hoary frivolity. From half the States of the Union they came, and in such numbers that few days of the past month have been free from a morning insult. My mail has been crowded with solemn or derisive editorials, with distressed letters, abusive postal cards, and occasionally the leaflet of some society for the prevention of vice, its significant passages marked. During all this hullabaloo I have been silent. The story was already widespread when my attention was first called to it. It struck me then as merely a gigantic piece of summer silliness, arguing emptiness of the editorial mind. I felt, too, how easily a man makes himself ridiculous in attempting to prove that he is not a fit subject for ridicule, and how in the long run character is its own best vindication. I should accordingly prefer to remain silent still. But the story, like all that touches on questions of sex, has shown a strange persistency. My friends are disquieted. Harvard is defamed. Reports of my depravity have lately been sent to me from English and



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French papers, and in a recent number of LIFE I appear in a capital cartoon, my utterance being reckoned as one of the principal incidents of the month. Perhaps, then, it is as well to say that no such incident has occurred, and that now, when all of us have had our laugh, the racket had better cease.

But such persistent pursuit of an unoffending person throws into strong relief four defects in our newspapers, and especially in the attitude of our people toward them. In the first place, the plan of reporting practised here is a mistaken one, and is adopted, so far as I know, nowhere else on earth. Our papers rarely try to give an ordered outline of an address. They either report *verbatim*, or more usually the reporter is expected to gather a lot of taking phrases, regardless of connection. While these may occasionally amuse, I believe that readers turn less and less to printed reports of addresses. Serious reporting of public speech is coming to an end. It would be well if it ended altogether, so impossible is it already to learn from the newspapers what a man has been saying.

\$ \$ \$

He has full a million dollars
And I haven't got a cent,
But according to the poets
Wealth means absence of content;
So I just ought to be happy
And let naught my spirits dash,
But in poetry's no comfort
When the Tailor asks for cash
And the Landlady is dunning for her room rent
and her hash!

If the poet's words are truthful,
It's a fine thing to be poor,
But the ills of wealth I'm thinking
I might manage to endure;
That adversity has uses
There is possibly no doubt,
But those uses I've no use for
And would rather do without,
And have my dear belongings elsewhere than
up the spout!

I'm no worshiper of Mammon
And I don't want to possess
All the wealth of all the Indies—
I can get along with less;
But to have to stint and wonder
How the next bill's to be met
Is a beastly thing, by thunder!
And most certainly don't get
Content into a fellow's mind, and never has as
yet!

It makes most delightful reading,
And of it there is a lot,
Does the roasting of the dollars
By the ones who have them not!
But to idly sit and flout them
Will not pay your bills when due,
And you'll find it vastly better
And life happier for you
If you'll honestly go hustle and gather in a
few!

—Henry Waldorf Francis, in *Pearson's Magazine*.

His Party

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. —?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"—*Argonaut*.

ONE Sunday morning Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug store distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper. Mr. Moody approached this gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts upon the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then, looking up benignantly at Moody, asked: "Are you a re-



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formed drunkard?" "No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back, indignantly. "Then why in h— don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.—*Argonaut*.

The Lesser of Two Evils

On the first Sunday of their visit in Chicago the successful merchant escorted his parents to a fashionable church. Some of the hymns were familiar, and in their rendition the visiting pair contributed heavily, with the credit for volume in favor of the father.

Although not always in correct time, and sometimes in discord, yet the joy of the good couple leaped forth in joyous praise, and they did not see the glowering looks of nearby worshippers or the flushed face of their devoted son.

"Father," observed the merchant that afternoon, while his mother was taking her accustomed nap, "in our churches the congregation does very little singing; it is left entirely to the choir."

"I know, my boy," said the old gentleman, as he lovingly placed a hand on his son's shoulder, "that it was very embarrassing to you this morning, but if I hadn't sung as loudly as I did the people would have heard your mother."—*Youth's Companion*.

"DIED in poverty!" cried the philosopher, scornfully. "Died in poverty, did he, an' you expect me to sympathize? Gorstooth, what is there in dying in poverty. I've got to live in it."—*The Sporting Times*.



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Eat and Be Merry

CAMP ALGONQUIN, SQUAM LAKE, N. H.,
August 2, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

The following quotation from the Century Path magazine ought to interest you, as being in line with your hostility to scientific humbuggery:

"A Cambridge professor is reported to have declared in a lecture in London that human flesh is the best food there is for human beings; and to have reached that conclusion by experiments in which dogs were fed on dog meat, and reached the maximum of endurance on that diet."

"This statement has been reduced by a commentator to the aphorism, 'science justifies cannibalism.' . . . The great majority of people

will have a sneaking suspicion that some other professor (from Oxford, perhaps) will say to-morrow that human flesh is the most deadly poison, basing his conclusions on the results of feeding cows on beef; and they will reserve their judgment accordingly.

"In fact, the above reasoning will not bear examination. It assumes a sufficient analogy between the dog and the man to which we can give but limited assent. In order for the analogy between man and dog to be significant for the purpose in view it would be necessary to suppose that the man aspires to canine ideals in the matter of habits. Granted that our professor is looking forward to a life of running about in search of strong and nauseous smells, burying bones, chasing cats, and so on, we may allow his analogy of the dog to be in point; for any other

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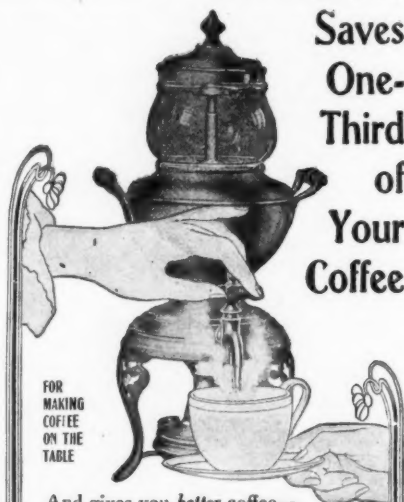
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kind of man it is apt to be misleading. Some, perhaps, would prefer to model their lives after the pig or the ox. It may well be that a dog acquires the maximum of athletic ability after a diet of dog, but is that any reason why a man, desiring to become athletic, should eat man? It might as well be inferred that he should eat dog's flesh. The best we can make of the argument is this: A dog which eats dog's flesh becomes a strong dog; therefore a man who eats dog's flesh will also become a strong dog. But even this argument seems weak."

Your sincere admirer,
ROGER SHERMAN HOAR.

Another Failure

PHILADELPHIA, August 12, 1909.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

Dear Bureau: Noticing no answer forthcoming to the plaint of one "In Extremis," may I offer my advice in the hope that it may alleviate his sufferings?

His wife drags him to dances; so does my wife drag me—semi-occasionally. He weighs 180 pounds; 250 pounds is my misfortune. I used to dance when I was seven years old, and then only when bribed.

Like "In Extremis," I am a social failure, and am rapidly progressing.

Fortunately for me, all dances to which I have been subjected have been held at a Country Club; were they at private houses, I suppose I'd have to endure just what "In Extremis" suffers—several hours of boredom. It is needless to say that these dances are of the subscription variety, to which (all on account of my wife) I am an unwilling contributor; being a part host, I am consequently at liberty to act in the manner which I describe.

My wife is a giddy young thing and so attractive that after she once enters the ballroom she never lacks a partner. When some slender and callow youth whirls her around, she apparently forgets that I exist. At that juncture I vanish.

I board the first trolley car homeward bound, pick out an interesting book, take off and arrange my coat so that I can get into it promptly, set the alarm clock for 11:30 (provided the dance is to wind up at midnight), stretch out on the couch, and then, unless the baby squeaks, fall asleep.

When I hear the alarm clock go off I hustle for the first car to the Club, and meet my wife as she stands encoring "Home Sweet Home."

You observe that I say "when I hear the alarm clock." What I usually do is to keep right on snoozing, for my wife has already told me that the Joneses, who live next door, will bring her home, that she has a key, and that I am to go home and enjoy myself, &c.

Now that's the way to bring up a wife. I offer the suggestion to "In Extremis," who may have kind neighbors.

I never go near the smoking room or boozatorium.

B. Y. GOSH.

P. S. I'm a liar; my wife always insists on my staying in the ballroom while she dances.

Effort Appreciated

"So you were deeply touched by the poem young Mr. Guffson wrote to you?" said Maude.

"Yes," answered Maymie.

"But it was not a good poem."

"I don't care. It was just as much trouble for him to write it as if he had been Shakespeare."—Washington Star.



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Hopelessly Wrong

"Heckling" is often an entertaining, although sometimes a tiresome incident of English political meetings. The experienced public speaker is usually able to turn the laugh on the interrupter, but in the case reported by a writer in *Tit-Bits* the man in the audience was victorious to the last.

A political speaker was attacking the government with more venom than reason. A man at the back of the hall at last cried out, "You're wrong sir!"

A little nettled, the orator continued without heeding. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again, "You're wrong, sir!"

The speaker looked angry, but continued on the warpath. "You're wrong, sir!" again rang out.

Angrily addressing the persistent interrupter, the orator cried, "Look here, I could tell this man something about the government which would make his hair stand on end!"

"You're wrong again, sir!" came from the critic, as he stood up and removed his hat. His head was as bald as a billiard ball.—*Youth's Companion*.

Handicapped

"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter," faltered the young man.

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the fond parent.

"Well, I have been rather expecting this, and, to be thoroughly orthodox, I shall put a few questions to you. Do you drink?"

"No, sir. I abhor liquor."

"You do, eh? Smoke?"

"I never use tobacco in any form?"

"Well, I didn't suppose you ate it. Do you frequent the race course?"

"I never saw a horse race in my life, sir."

"Um-m-m. Play cards for money?"

"Emphatically no, sir."

"Well, young man, I must say you are heavily handicapped. My daughter is a thorough society girl, and I can't for the life of me see what she is going to do with you. However, it's her funeral, and if she wants to undertake the job she can risk it."—*Tit-Bits*.

Baldness Disposed of

The *Medical Record* has been directing its ponderous intelligence to the question of baldness. Following the usual methods of medical newspapers, it speaks with a certain air of omniscience, as though the cause and cure of baldness were matters of positive scientific knowledge to be demonstrated like a problem in mathematics. It is needless to say that the medical profession knows nothing whatever about baldness; that it can no more cure a bald head than it can cure an aching head, and that its guesses have just about as much value as those of the barber. Indeed, we may suspect that the barber knows a good deal more about baldness than the doctor, for whereas a bald barber is a rarity, a bald doctor is a common and every-day sight. Perhaps barbers choose some other profession when they become bald, but if they were wise in their day and generation they would cultivate



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baldness rather than shun it. Perhaps the bald barber would sell less hair restorer, but he would make it up in other ways. His ministrations would be eagerly sought by those who wish to pass the inevitable monthly period of humiliation in meditative silence rather than in listening to counsel upon the preservation of the hair. Only a rare variety of hardihood will impel the bald-headed barber to recommend a hair restorer or to urge the claims of various methods of treatment. The bald-headed barber, when found, should be made a note of. He is filled with a sort of chastened humility that conduces to an admirable taciturnity.

But to return to the *Medical Record*. The hat, it seems, is the cause of baldness. It is

a common superstition, and no doubt it will hold the field until the profession shall discover the microbe of baldness. Doubtless they are hot upon its trail and we shall presently learn that it is detected, isolated, cultured, and found amenable to some filthy decoction that must be subcutaneously injected into the blood. A little later will come the usual demand for a quarantine upon all bald-headed people, for of course, baldness will be contagious. We shall be assured that vaccination in infancy against baldness should be made compulsory, and those who are so unfortunate as to be already afflicted before the "Greatest Scientific Discovery of the Age" may thank their stars if they escape a forcible scalping by the police.—*Argonaut*.



10 Shots
QUICK

Every Home Should Have One

BECAUSE, who knows when the thief in the night—or the thief in the day—may come and find point it instinctively, just as she would her forefinger, and hit the thief nine out of ten. Built especially for the inexpert to aim. **BECAUSE**, absolutely safe in the hands of a woman. Can't discharge without pulling trigger. Has "Safety" also. **BECAUSE**, its unbelievable quickness gets in the first *burglar-finisher* shot. **BECAUSE** its quickness and sure aim absolutely destroy fearfulness-at-night. **BECAUSE** "The Tenderfoot's Turn," a fascinating booklet by Bat Masterson, famous western scout, explains why anyone can shoot the Savage Automatic *straight and quick*, without practice. Sent free. **BECAUSE** 32 Cal., 6½ inches long, 19 ounces. Buy of us if your dealer doesn't keep Savage Automatics. But *buy one for your home*. It's a serious matter.

SAVAGE RIFLES are well known among all expert shots and sportsmen as the most skillfully built rifles in America. If you want a rifle, look over all the others. Then examine the Savage '09 Model and 22 cal. 303 Repeater. You'll buy a Savage. The new handsome Savage Rifle catalogue is free and full of rifle information. Send for it. Address **SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 889 Savage Avenue, UTICA, N. Y., U. S. A.**

The New SAVAGE Automatic

A Sensible "Civil Calendar"

We have received from an advertising firm in San Francisco a copy of a proposed calendar, whose aim is to avoid the acknowledged drawbacks of the Gregorian calendar by substituting one that is better suited to the requirements of our day-by-day life. Although the Gregorian calendar dates from the year 1582, long before that many and various improvements had been suggested for conveniently dividing the 365 days of the year into weeks and months. Our correspondents ask: "Are we not again far enough advanced beyond the times of 1582 to adopt certain other changes?" And they offer a calendar which divides the 52 weeks of the year into 13 months, each having exactly 28 days. The first of January and the first of every one of the twelve succeeding months fall on a Sunday, and the 28th or last day of each month, therefore, falls on a Saturday. The obvious advantage of this arrangement is that, since each day of the week must be one of four numbers out of the 28 (Sunday for any month of the year being either the 1st, 8th, 15th, or 22nd, Tuesday either the 3rd, 10th, 17th, or 24th, &c.), if one knows the day of the week, it is possible to find the day of the month quickly and without reference to a calendar.

The additional month necessary under this system is named by its sponsors "Vincent"; and it is placed in the calendar between June and July.

Thirteen months of 28 days each, however, give a total of only 364 days for the year, and, to accommodate the odd day, it is proposed that between Saturday, the last day of December, and Sunday, the first day of January, there should be a day to be known as "Anno Day." It is not recognized as a calendar day, and, beyond its name, has no other distinction to separate it from the last day of December. Any labor done on Anno Day would have to be a matter of special contract or agreement. No interest or rental will accrue upon that day, and for all such purposes it would be considered a part of Saturday, December 28th. Leap year is provided for by an extra day between Saturday, Vincent 14th, and Sunday, Vincent 15th. This would be known as "Mid-Anno Day" and it would be treated in all respects similarly to Anno Day.

Although there can be no question of the simplicity and convenience of the proposed calendar, in respect of any prospect of its immediate and world-wide adoption we fear it must be classed with those two other great desiderables, the "metric system" and the "longer daylight day." We are not more firmly convinced of the advantages of this and those propositions for simplifying and rendering easier and more pleasant the round of daily life and its duties than we are that to bring about these suggested improvements will take many years of arduous and persistent agitation.—*Scientific American*.



BROMO- SELTZER

CURES
HEADACHES

10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Bottles.



Latest Books


- The Long Gallery*, by Eva Lathbury. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
Less Than Kin, by Alice Duer Miller. (Henry Holt & Co.)
The Runaway Place, by Walter P. Eaton and Elise M. Underhill. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.)
Homespun, by Lottie Blair Parker. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
The Open Shop, by Clarence S. Darrow. (Samuel A. Bloch. 10 cents.)
The Crisis, by Robert Hunter. (Samuel A. Bloch. 10 cents.)
The Wretches of Povertyville, by I. L. Nascher, M.D. (Jos. J. Lanzit.)
History of the City of New York in the 17th Century. (The Macmillan Co. \$5.00 net.)
The Point of View, by Alice Katharine Fallows. (A. C. McClurg & Co. 35 cents.)
Railroad Freight Rates, by Logan G. McPherson. (Henry Holt & Co. \$2.25 net.)
Bill Possum: His Book, by Mary Brent Whiteside. (Byrd Printing Co. \$1.00.)
Miss Eagle, the Suffragette, by Mary Dale. (Aberdeen Publishing Co.)

The Voice of Reason
"Drink it for
Health and
Contentment"

Always the Same
Good Old
Blatz



First in
Quality and
Character

Remember The  Label

BLATZ
BEER
MILWAUKEE

Order a case sent home

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

Of Course Not

An overdressed woman was talking to an acquaintance.

"Yes," she said, "since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs and hens."

"That must be charming," remarked the other; "you can have all the fresh eggs you want."

"Oh, well," replied the first lady, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."—*Democratic Telegram*.

Then There Was Silence

MR. BROWN (rushing excitedly into the room): Marie, Marie, intelligence has just reached me—

Mrs. Brown (calmly interrupting him): Well, thank heaven, Henry.—*Brooklyn Life*.



HIS HEART WAS BURSTING WITH LOVE.

Limited Knowledge

He doesn't know that Homer ever sang a thrilling song,
He doesn't know who won at Waterloo;
He doesn't know that Caesar ever swayed a cheering throng,
Or what it was that Guy Fawkes tried to do;
But he can tell you quickly, if you have the wish to know,
Who have led the Leagues in battling for a dozen years or so.
He doesn't know an adverb from a pronoun or a noun,
He mixes up his tenses when he speaks;
He doesn't know who Byron was, or that he won renown,
Or what range has the highest mountain peaks;
But he can give you quickly and without a moment's thought
All the details of the battles that old John L. ever fought.
He couldn't name a dozen of this country's Presidents,
He doesn't know who lost at Bunker Hill;
Once he saw displayed a copy of "Poor Richard" for ten cents,
And he bought it, but regret is with him still.
"For," he says, "I looked all through it, and dere's nutin' dere at all
Like dere is in dis here guide-book wit' its records of baseball."

—Record Herald.

An Appalling Possibility

Broadway is laughing over a story about a wine agent and an eminent actor, whom the other had attempted to make use of as an advertising medium. The agent is introducing a new brand of champagne, and the other day he induced the actor to assist him in the consumption of a pint bottle of it at one of the fashionable restaurants.

"And now I'll tell you how you can do me a good turn—if you should happen to feel like it," he said.

"Delighted to do you a good turn, of course," responded the actor.

"It's this way," the agent explained. "You are traveling about the country a great deal and stopping at the best hotels. Now I want this champagne to become known in order to create a demand for it. What I would like you to do is to ask for my wine by name at the hotels you go to, so that the hotel men will get the idea that it is popular in New York and send in their orders for it. You won't mind doing that for me, will you?"

"I'll ask for it with pleasure," the actor declared. "But, good heavens, man!" he added,

CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

S.S. "Cleveland," 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and
S.S. "10," from Frisco, \$650 and up.
18th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, \$400 up, by Lloyd S. S.
Grosser Kurfuert, 73 days, including 24 days in Egypt and Palestine.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.



The Health of the Farmer

is proverbial. The conquering, victorious spirits of the world come from the farm—for health is there. Health blows in its breezes and strength of character is bestowed by Nature's elemental forces breathing across its bending harvests.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

contains nothing whatever but the combined juices of germinated barley and selected Saazer Hops. Every bottle is charged with the strength and glory of the golden grain. Its aroma is the fragrance of the clinging hop vine and its living vigor is the cream of ripened barley. It infuses life into the blood—sustains all the vital powers and to the feeble, aged and run down it is a veritable restorer of recreative and soothing potency. Order of your Druggist or Grocer.

For 12 tops of Red Metal caps from Large Malt-Nutrine Bottles with Gold Trade-mark or 24 from Split Bottles with Black Trade-mark and 15 cents for postage, we will send one of our Vienna Art Plates to any address in the United States.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH,
St. Louis, Mo.

—Bills Agency



in sudden alarm. "Suppose they should have it?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

A SMALL BOY went into a South Boston drug store, wrinkled his face, rubbed his head and rubbed his left foot up and down his right leg in an effort to remember something that had escaped him.

"Say," he began, "will you tell me the name of the place where we Americans have so many soldiers?"

"Fort Sheridan?"

"Oh, no. It's further away than that."

"The Philippines?"

"That ain't just it, but it's somewhere round there."

"Perhaps you mean Manila?"

"Manila! That's right! I knew I would get it after a while. I want a bottle of manila extract for flavorin'. They're going to have ice cream."—*Boston Record*.

Bobby's Philosophy

Bobby's father and mother were dressing to go to the theatre and the youth was greatly distressed because he was not to be included in the party.

"Why can't I go, too?" he whimpered.

"For a very good reason," returned his father sharply, "I only bought two seats."

"Just think," said Bobby, trying to stifle his tears, "if you hadn't married mother I might have gone along all right!"—*Brooklyn Life*.



AFTER A MEAL

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

AN OUNCE FOR A NICKEL AND IN 5¢ AND 10¢ PACKETS

FRANK H. FLEER & CO. INC. PHILADELPHIA AND TORONTO

A Suggestion

A certain retired coal dealer of Pittsburg is, in the good old phrase, as tight as wax, but has a passion to be considered a "spender" and good liver, never neglecting an opportunity to refer to his "wine cellar," etc. A short while ago he snared a well-known clubman and had him at his house for dinner. A bottle of sherry was produced with considerable ostentation and the glasses filled. The host held his to the light, then drank, and smacked his lips.

"What do you think of that, hey?" he suggested.

"Why—er—very good," the guest commented, setting his glass upon the table. "But I say, old man," he added in a confidential tone, "I know a place where you can get wine even cheaper than this!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

A CERTAIN lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best known wits and *litterati* of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses, no interruption whatever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and, being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner, a guest was heard to commence a sentence; but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined; the hostess insisted. "I am certain it was something of consequence," she said. "Alas, madame," he answered, "it was, indeed; but now it is too late! I should have liked a little more of that iced pudding."—*Argonaut*.

"Sav," a boy yelled in to the proprietor of a store in a prohibition town, "the express agent says for you to send down for that package of *Daily Tribunes* right away, 'cause they're leakin'!"—*Everybody's*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

A WESTERN business man walking down Broadway encountered a friend of former days. It was evident that times had dealt harshly with him. His clothes were frazzled and he bore every visible sign of failure and dejection. It was evident from his watery eyes and red nose that liquor had played no little part in his undoing. The business man, however, wanted to be cordial and asked him to have a drink. When the other gladly agreed the two stepped into a café, and the business man said to the bartender:

"Two highballs, please."

The derelict edged to the bar quickly and in a tremulous but eager voice said:

"Give me the same!"—*Cosmopolitan*.

The Way of a Woman

The suffragette was practising her address for the Woman's Rights Club at her own little home. Her words were defiant. "Women are the real rulers," she orated. "Men are marionettes. Since the beginning of time woman has been the real power behind the throne; now she fearlessly demands her place on the throne. She is triumphant; she defies the world; she!"

The doorbell rang. The man with the book-agent manners bowed. "May I see the head of the house a moment?"

"He is not at home," said the suffragette, slamming the door and resuming her oratory. "Let me see, where was I?"—*Lippincott's*.

Do You Ever Go Home?

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ASSETS AND LIABILITIES
India Print, 22 x 18 in. \$2.00

Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



CULTIVATING THE WAIST PLACES
Photogravure, 16 x 13½ in. 50 cents.

Copyright 1907 by Life Pub. Co.



"Excuse me, but would you mind moving a little to one side? We've got to put a railroad through here."

Hand-colored India Print, 22 x 18 in. \$2.00.

Then beautify your home with cheerful things. On receipt of twenty-five cents we will send you our little book, the new pocket edition, of *LIFE'S PRINTS* containing 160 reproductions of these most artistic and pleasure-giving pictures.



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Welcome
Gift

The prints described, whose prices are given, are *PHOTO-GRAVURES* of the highest possible quality and finish. Neither care nor expense has been spared to attain the very best artistic results.

160 Pictures
for 25 Cents



LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, NEW YORK

The Culture-Crazed

We are mad for cultivation
And refining information,
And we're drinking pretty deeply at the pure
Pierian streams,
Whether eagerly or dourly,
We're absorbing culture hourly,
And we're getting quite conversant with a quantity of themes.

CHORUS

Oh, we're breakfasting on Hegel and we dine on Socrates,
We serve Professor James and Kant at all our formal teas,
And we spend a half an hour
Glancing over Schopenhauer,
Noting Nietzsche's "Will to Power,"
Or his subtler theories.

Criticizing Aristotle,
Mrs. Wharton, Emory Pottle,
Is our favorite avocation, and we're able to indite
Themes on Arnold versus Pater,
Demonstrating which is greater,
Or to write a dissertation on the fossil trilobite.

CHORUS

Oh, it's eulogize Beethoven, show the inwardness of Liszt,
Take a little whack at Wagner, and show where Verdi missed.
Do not ask why that sonata
Sounds like Lewis Carroll's hatter,
(After all, it doesn't matter).
What's the next thing on the list?

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

If you are, or if you have done so recently, don't forget to notify LIFE of your changed address. *The Post-Office will not forward a periodical as it will a letter.* Therefore each week's delay means a copy of LIFE lost. Don't wait until you have moved before you notify us. When ordering a change give the old as well as the new address. Notice must reach us by Thursday to affect the following week's issue.

Subscription Department

LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

When it comes to Botticelli
We are very sure to tell "he
Was affected quite profoundly by the early Renaissance."
And we like D. G. Rossetti,
For we never can forget he
Has produced his soulful shadings with the most minute nuance.

CHORUS

Oh, it's pass along the Hauptmann and it's rush that Maeterlinck,
Condemn Pinero, Shaw and Wilde—don't try to stop and think.
At the sea of cultivation
And of thought-assimilation
There's no time for rumination
Nor for trembling at the brink.
—Irene Louise Hunter, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

"I COULD not think of depriving you of your seat," she sweetly said. "Pray keep it." He sat down again. "Very well, if you insist upon it, ma'am," he said in a resigned voice. "But I've already been carried by my street."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. They have some device added to them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson Safety is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—not near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

HAMMER THE HAMMER

"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22 calibre rim-fire or 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 calibre center-fire, 3½-inch barrel, - - - \$6 (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 calibre center-fire, 3½-inch barrel, - - - \$7 (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)



Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 186 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street.

San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles



PRESSING HIS SUIT

EDWIN STEVENS, when he first made up his mind to tackle vaudeville, applied to a very gruff manager who had a strong German accent and a great deal of business on hand.

"Vell," he growled, "vat do you want?"

"I would like to get into vaudeville," replied the candidate meekly.

"Vat do you do? Vat is your line?"

"I am a comedian, sir. I—"

"A komiker, was?" The manager faced him fiercely. "Vell, make me laugh!"—*Everybody's*.

Feminine Propensity

There is a prominent clergyman in Richmond, Va., who has a happy way of enjoying his own disadvantages.

Never a handsome man, Mr. C— was severely battered in a railroad wreck, in which he suffered the loss of a foot.

Soon after marrying a beautiful woman the ill-used minister met an old friend on the street, who banteringly asked: "C—, how in the world did such a pretty girl come to marry you?"

"Oh, ladies like remnants!" was the cheerful reply.—*The Circle*.

Last Resort

MRS. CRAWFORD: You say it is impossible to get any money out of your husband. Have you gone about it the right way?

MRS. CRABSHAW: I've tried everything, my dear, except sending him a Black Hand letter.
—*Brooklyn Life*.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanach," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



Our Next Number

Will contain :

Gladness

Light

Art

Delicacy

Raiment and Relevancy

Action

Gumption

Nourishment

Unbounded

Modesty

Beautiful and

Elevating

Revelry.

It will spring into beauteous being next Tuesday.

On sale everywhere.

Requiescat in Pace

Two phrases that we have decided to bury. They are :

" You cannot afford to miss it,"
and " It will pay you to see it."

They died a natural and inevitable death in this page in the recent past. They lived long and useful lives, but toward the end they were worked to death. We shall miss them in the future, as they were tried and trusted companions; but their loss will be the reader's gain. What can take their place? Perhaps some kind reader will have the goodness to suggest a short phrase which will convey the idea, clearly and concisely, that they rendered so ably about this paper.

In the meantime, here are some

COMING NUMBERS

September 16. Etiquet Number.

Colored Cover by Flagg.

Do you always do the proper thing? You can tell by reading this number of LIFE. It contains everything that one needs to know in the best society, whatever that is.

September 23. Suffragette Number.

Colored Cover by Phillips.

Ladies, attention! Here is a number that will undoubtedly interest and amuse you by its unswerving fidelity to the fatal truth. Shall you vote or not? That is the absorbing question of the hour. It is for you to say. Many of you have said it and many have not. The idea of this number of LIFE is to settle the question forever. We felt that it ought to be done. The affair has gone far enough. Read, ponder, and decide.

September 30. Hudson Number.

Colored Cover by Hiller.

Many years ago Henry Hudson, with infinite pains, sailed across the ocean and registered in Hoboken. This number of LIFE is the result.

If Henry Hudson had never done anything else than this, he would be entitled to a lasting fame.

October 7. Chorus Girl Number.

Colored Cover by Hiller.

We hesitate to speak about this number. Only baldheaded gentlemen should attend. When you see it you will hug it with delight. It has this unique advantage over all other numbers, that it doesn't have to be exploited. The name carries it. It suggests all kinds of delightful little wickednesses. And yet—Arn't you glad that you are a regular subscriber, and will get it a few hours ahead of the man who has to buy it on the stand? At a time like this, minutes count.

October 14. Spinsters' Number.

Colored Cover by Phillips.

Deliciously proper, and yet not so tame as one might imagine. A spinster is a spinster. Remember that. Also, that there are spinsters and spinsters. After all, is there anything lovelier and sweeter than a spinster? Yet, if every man did his duty and got married, there would be none of them left. Be this as it may, we still rejoice that they have given the background for this LIFE.



" Dink vat Hendry Hudson did for me!"

AU REVOIR!

Raising the Electric Carriage to New Heights of Efficiency and Elegance



There was never an electric carriage like this before.

The best of the type, hitherto, have merely pointed toward perfection—the *Detroit* Electric has attained it; and revealed new delights and new possibilities.

The electric carriage is widening its sphere of usefulness every day and numbering new admirers by the hundreds—and the concentration in the *Detroit* Electric has hastened that result.

Detroit Electric ownership-lists in almost every community constitute a sort of social calendar which includes the majority of discriminating buyers in that particular place.

And this turn of the popular tide toward the *Detroit* is reasonable and logical—this carriage actually does embody a degree of elegance and efficiency hitherto unattained.

For instance:—

The *Detroit* gives mileage and speed higher than any other car. *Detroit* owners average 80 to 100 miles per battery charge; and accept this excess mileage as a matter of course.

The mileage range is greatest for the least battery upkeep.

The frame is pressed channel steel, with each side of one piece.

Instead of loading the rear axle with the dead weight of the motor, the motor is mounted on a subframe underneath the body, with double chain drive to the rear wheels.

All upholstering and interior trimming in heavier, higher grade material than used in other cars.

Seat cushions are from one to four inches deeper.



Doors open forward instead of back, and are larger.

All windows are larger and of the highest grade of plate glass.

Metal trimmings are all silver finish.

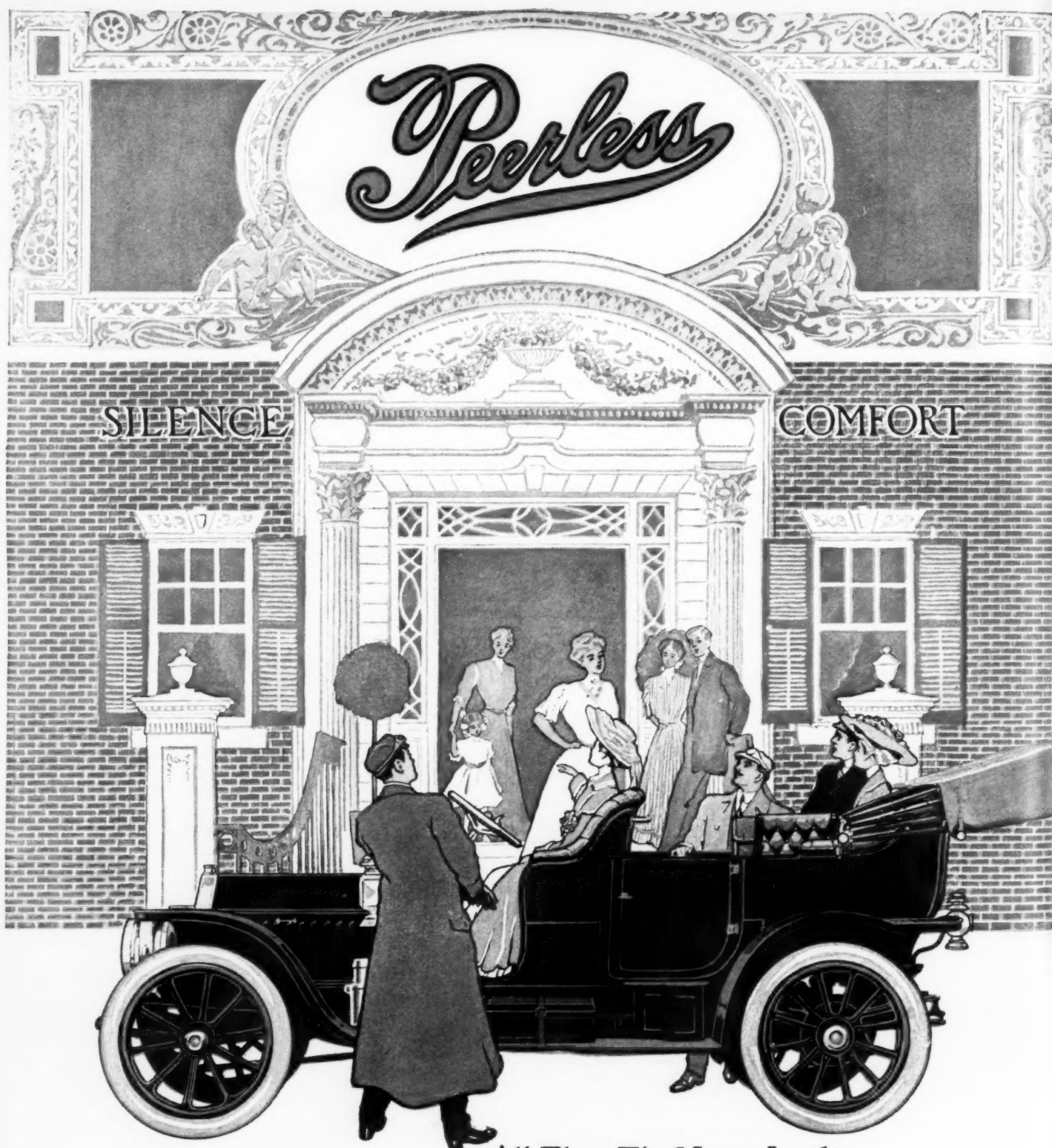
These are features found only in the *Detroit*; and there are nearly 50 more.

If you intend purchasing an electric, write for the *Detroit* literature before you decide on the make you will buy.



The largest factory in the world devoted to the manufacture of electric carriages—the Detroit Electric plant.

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